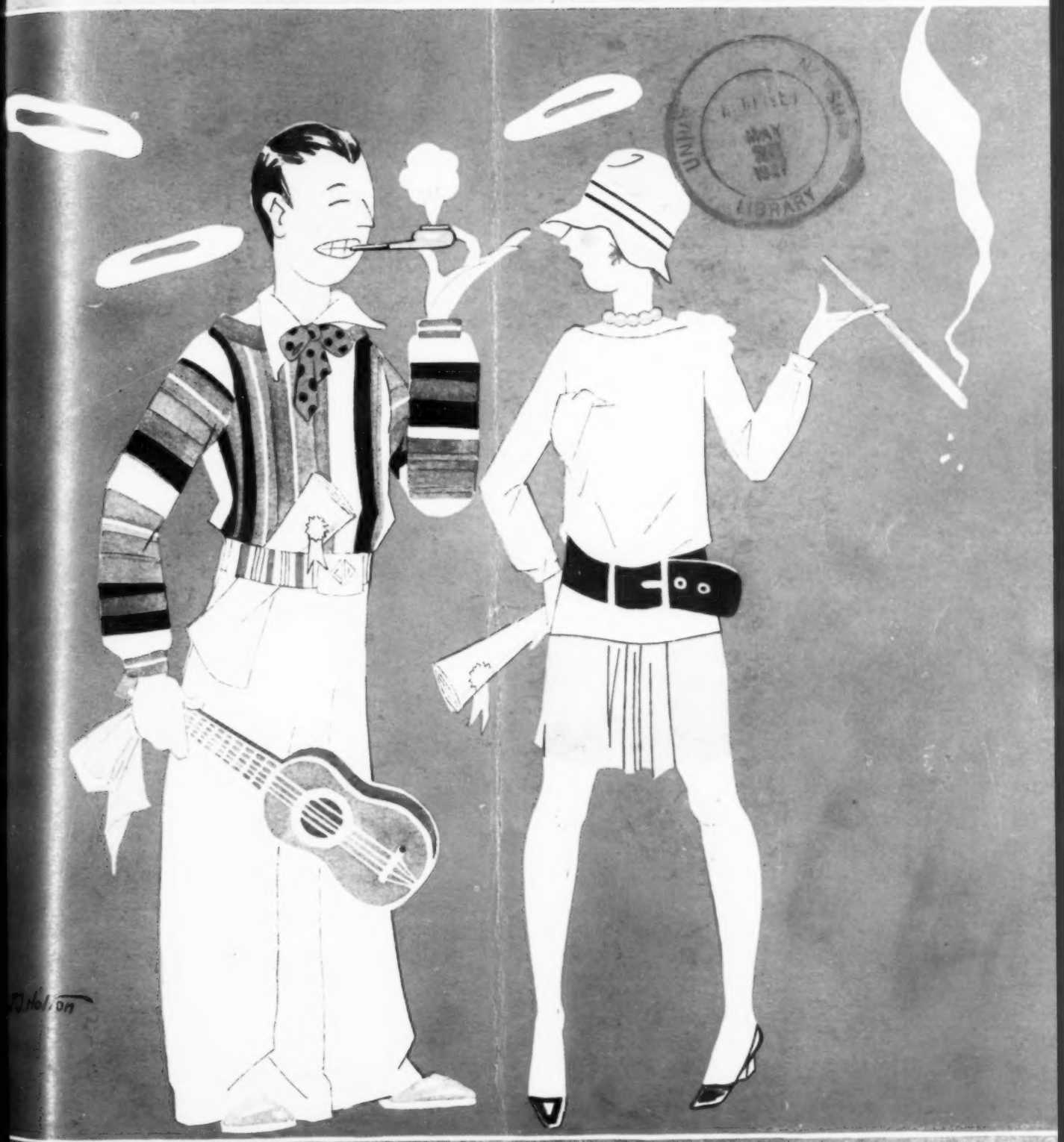
Life

Commencement Number

JUNE 2, 1927
PRICE 15 CENTS



"Now what shall we commence?"

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



PRIDE of ownership is the result of quality. Every Buick owner is proud of the car he drives—proud of its smart beauty, proud of its sterling dependability, and especially, proud of its powerful engine, *vibrationless beyond belief.*

BUICK

Buick
MOTOR CARS

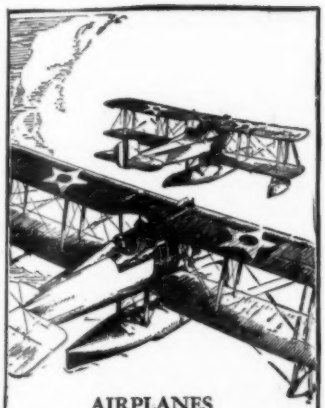
Who uses ETHYL GASOLINE *..and why?*

ETHYL GASOLINE is motor gasoline treated with Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, the chemical ingredient developed by General Motors to make gasoline a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines. Its chief advantages are:

Elimination of "knock" under all driving conditions—transformation of carbon from a liability into an asset—more power on hills and heavy roads—quicker acceleration—less gear shifting—reduced vibration—freedom from the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

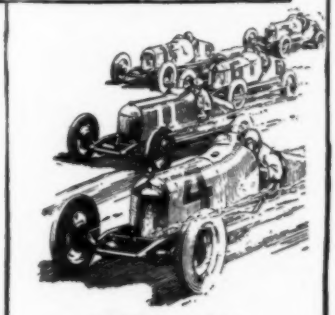
Try Ethyl Gasoline yourself. It will make your car perform as never before. On sale through responsible oil companies at pumps displaying the "ETHYL" emblem shown below.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York



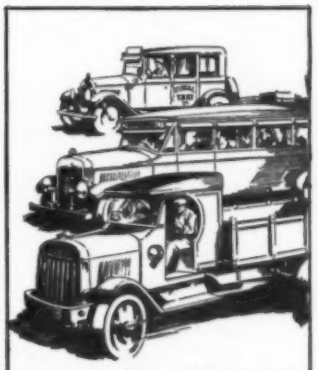
AIRPLANES

THE United States Navy is using Ethyl Gasoline as the fuel for airplanes because it develops all the power and efficiency of their engines.



RACING CARS

RACING drivers who are setting new speed records are using Ethyl Gasoline because it develops the maximum power their engines are designed to deliver... *and when Segrave drove 203 miles an hour at Daytona Beach last March, he used Ethyl Gasoline.*



CABS, BUSES and TRUCKS

BUSINESS concerns which operate large fleets of cars and trucks are using Ethyl Gasoline because its superior performance reduces running and maintenance costs.

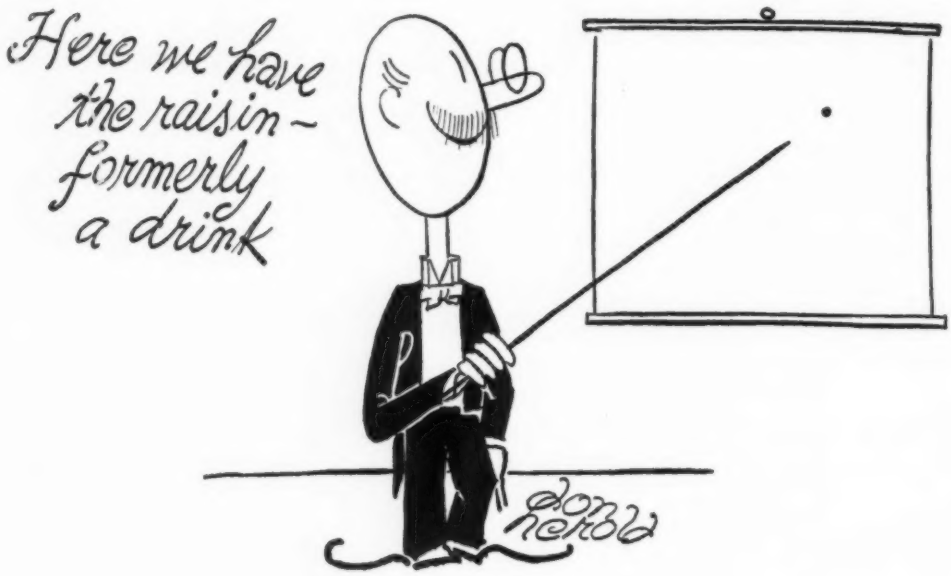


YOUR OWN CAR

MORE than a million passenger car owners like yourself have adopted Ethyl Gasoline because it gives an engine performance and motoring satisfaction beyond that obtainable with regular gasoline. Just try a tankful!

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., 598 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. Subscription, $5.00. Vol. 89, No. 2326. June 2, 1927. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1927, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.

LIFE DONATES THIS SERIES IN BEHALF OF BETTER MERCHANDISE



TAKE RAISINS—

THIS is not a liquor recipe.

I'm not a raisin raiser, and I am not worrying about raisin raisers, but gather up close and let me recall what raisin advertising did to a lot of innocent bystanders.

It looked as if Prohibition would put California raisin growers in the poorhouse.

They hadn't been too well off anyway, for the local wineries had set their own low prices on crops.

Facing ruin, the raisin people decided to spend $50,000 to get people to eat more raisins. They plugged for raisin pie and raisin pudding, and pulled for raisin nibbling (for your daily iron), and they sang of raisin bread, and got up raisin bread day. Then came the dawn. Last year, Chicago alone ate 5,000,000 slices of raisin bread every Wednesday.

And last year the raisin raisers spent $630,000 for advertising.

Well, what of it? The raisin raisers are prosperous instead of in the poorhouse, but that's a detail. Their neighbors are prosperous because the raisin money is spread around. That makes California more prosperous and that makes America more prosperous. Anybody's prosperity is everybody's prosperity. And raisins are really good food and good fun, and millions are eating more raisins.

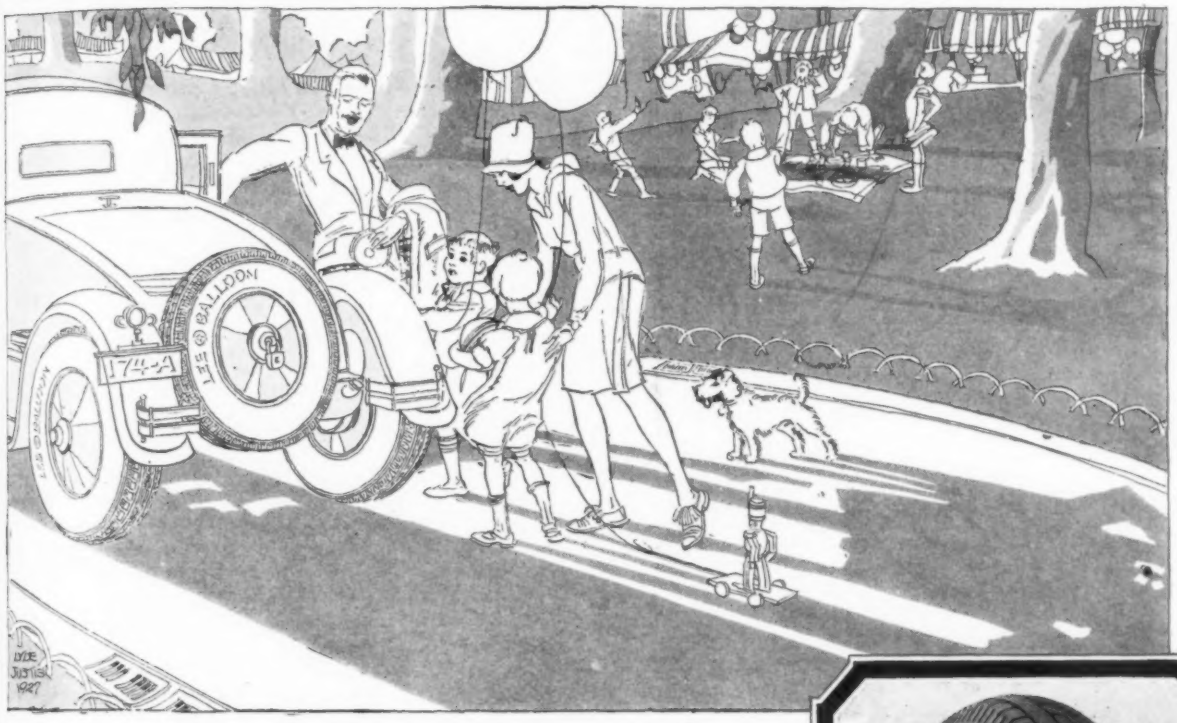
But here's the part I like best. Here's the catch. As a result of the raisin growers' wild and extravagant advertising, the price of raisins has gone not up, but DOWN.

Nobody hurt. Everybody helped. And advertising did it—wrote the romance of raisins.

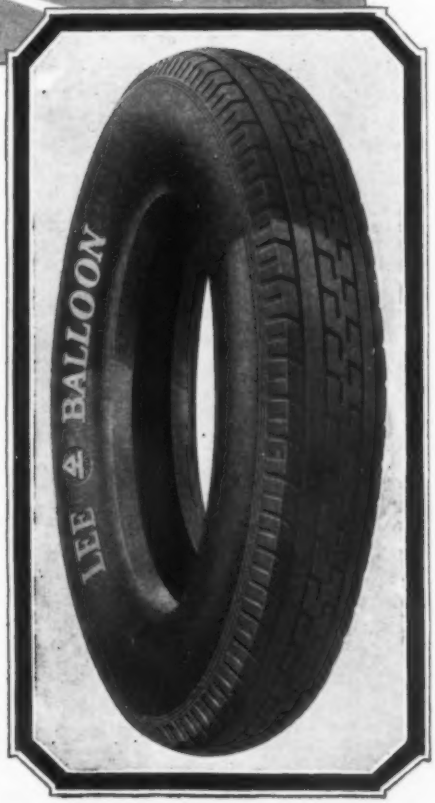
Andy Consumer

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT

LEE *of Conshohocken*



TIRES BY LEE *of* CONSHOHOCKEN



TIRES by LEE *of Conshohocken* are priced to meet competition, but the quality is above it. We would rather make them better than the price, than price them better than they are.

The "Shoulderbilt" Heavy-Duty Balloon is *over* over-size. More value; more rubber. It makes other heavy-duty tires look stunted. Users say more miles, better service. So will you.

The Lee Balloon is a new application of the balloon idea with all the resiliency, flexibility and easy-riding that you expect of real balloons; with plus mileage. Slightly lighter than the "Shoulderbilt" and priced accordingly.

Lee DeLuxe High-Pressure Cords for heavy loads and high speeds; and the faithful and original Lee Puncture-Proof to insure you against punctures (both in Balloons and High-Pressure).

For Fords, Chevrolets and Stars, where the demand is less strenuous, we have the "Leeland," a new creation giving more than is usually expected of such a tire.

Staghound Solids, built for tough work, are perhaps the most economical of all truck tires.

There's a Lee tire for every requirement and a Lee dealer nearby to tell you what you should use; and supply it.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ FAR LESS TO RUN



W. L. DOUGLAS

$5 to $8 Shoes for Men



A smartly styled, high-grade kid Blucher Oxford tan or black

$7

AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN SHOES

W. L. Douglas stores in all principal cities and dealers everywhere are now displaying the new Douglas line

If You Could Ask

a man who wears W. L. Douglas kid shoes what he thinks about them, there'd be no need for this advertisement.

Perhaps your heavy shoes are already tiring your feet! Change to a pair of cool, glove-like Douglas kid shoes and be comfortable.
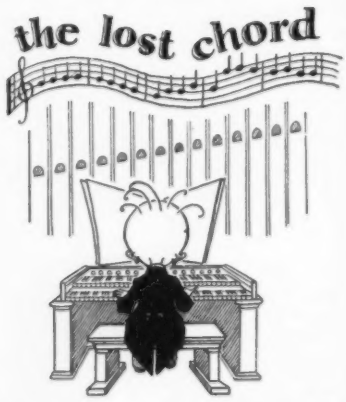
We make and sell more men's fine kid shoes than any other manufacturer.

Only a manufacturer of long experience in building fine kid shoes, with the skilled workmen who for almost a generation have worked on fine kid leathers, can make a high quality kid shoe to sell for so reasonable a price.

Men's Shoes $5 *to* $8 *Women's Shoes* $5 *to* $6
Boys' Shoes $4 *and* $5

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, *Brockton, Massachusetts*





Apparently was a flock of over-due notes. Music composers have been looking for lost chords for ages but if you're in search of harmonious compositions in the beverage line, try a bottle of PICKWICK on your appetite. There's a great concert of approval being broadcast by PICKWICKIANS, why not tune-in on it.

PICKWICK
PALE and STOUT

The Tang of Good Old Ale

At the better Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants

HAFFENREFFER & Co., *Boston*

Commencement Memories

THE gift copy of "Lucile" in ooze leather.
The white lawn necktie.
The gulp of the speaker's ice water.
The sea of palm-leaf fans in Old Main.
The last beer together.
The promise to write.
The hot red plush of the day-coach.
The European trip sales talk to Dad.
The position in the planing mill.

McC. H.

That's News!

THE Trial of the Twenty-first Century was in progress. For weeks, nay, months in advance an insatiable public had pored in fascination over columns upon columns of newsprint which promised supersensational revelations when pretty little Mrs. Grace ("Watermelons") Casem should take the stand and reveal every detail of her marital existence with her ancient and infirm spouse, David G. ("Moneybags") Casem.

All night long, crowds, determined to force their way into the courthouse, had milled before the doors despite the efforts of the State Police to preserve some semblance of order, and not until the throngs were packed like sardines inside the temple of justice could the authorities establish control.

At the press table sat eminent psychologists, the highest-paid editorial and news writers of the country, leading exponents of foreign journalism and men and women specialists who had accumulated fortunes in draining the hearts of their subjects of every emotion known to humankind and setting the results before the world in cold type.

Transatlantic cables had been cleared to make way for the great news; even the radio stations had ceased broadcasting, while the best announcers in the land stood in readiness before their microphones.

Amid a profound hush, the beautiful, childlike bride ascended the witness stand, while her elderly husband, hands clasped about his knee, gazed inscrutably at her from beneath tufted eyebrows.

"And now, Mrs. Casem," ordered kindly old Judge Scowcroft, "tell us in full, if you please, of your married life."

For a moment the girl appeared confused and her eyelids drooped. Then she gathered courage, and in a clear, brave voice replied:

"It was and still is perfect. Ever since our wedding day we have loved each other to distraction. We are the happiest couple alive."

And, as husband and wife exchanged a glance of adoration, flashlights exploded, typewriters and telegraph instruments rattled deafeningly, the crowd broke into a thunderous cheer, and the Story of the Century was given to the world!

Tip Bliss.

No Wonder!

A POLICEMAN was walking his beat in a residential district, when a badly battered house-to-house salesman rushed up to him.

"Say, officer," he panted, pointing to red-headed iceman, who had just climbed on his wagon, "I want that man arrested. Just look what he did to me!"

Stalking majestically into the street, the policeman waved the ice-wagon to a halt, and demanded, "Did you hit this man?"

"Oi did," was the shameless reply.

"What for?"

"Alienation av affections," replied the iceman. "He sold Briget Nolan's missus wan av thim electric ice-boxes."



And he said it with Flowers

LOVERS' QUARRELS are like June showers. Before they're well under way, the sun comes peeking through the clouds.

Consider, then, this scenario featuring the plight of poor Paul: He wants to tell her —well, you know how it is. Words start bravely on the tongue, but trip before they reach the tip. Fine phrases falter and fail.

Then comes inspiration! Our hero reflects that flowers have a way of saying things that stumbling words cannot convey . . . .

A messenger scampers away . . . moments pass . . . . . the tinkle of a telephone . . . . . a gladsome voice . . . . . and all's well with the world!

Send for this Book

Send 10c (stamps or coins) to cover mailing costs for beautiful helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers.* Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave. New York City.



By wire—anywhere

Telegraphing flowers was instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery—which sends flowers *by wire* to all parts of the world.

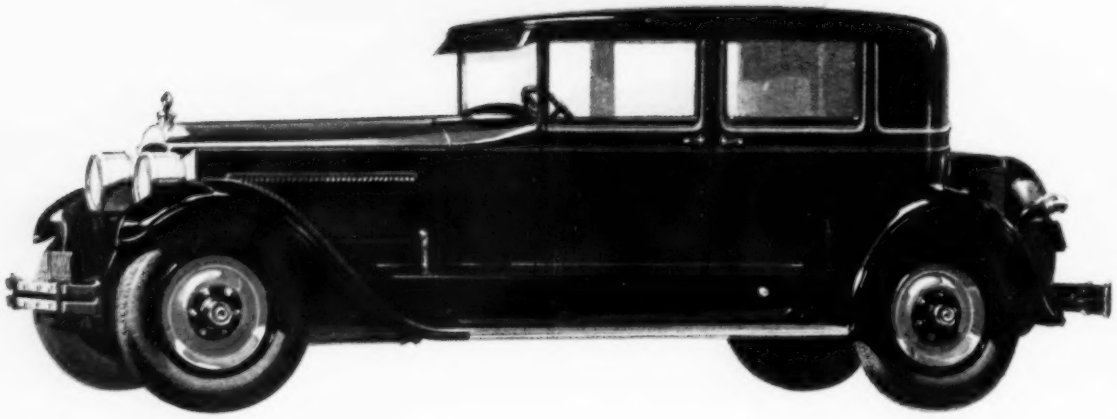
Say it with Flowers

The Restful Car

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



LEADERSHIP, Packard's position in the vanguard of automotive progress has been consistently maintained for twenty-seven years.

Packard leadership is the result of a deliberate intent backed from the first by means more than adequate to permit engineering research and the highest degree of precision manufacture.

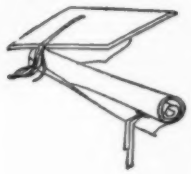
For a generation Packard has been the great automotive laboratory from which have come many of the most important developments in the evolution of the modern car.

Today, Packard-powered planes, surviving gruelling military and naval tests; Packard-engined racing boats, champions of their class; Packard cars, outstanding as the most imitated cars in the world; proclaim Packard leadership on land, in the air, and on the water.

And Packard owners, themselves leaders in every field of human endeavor, know that their cars cannot but reflect a compliment upon their good taste and judgment.

PACKARD

For Graduation give an Accurate Watch



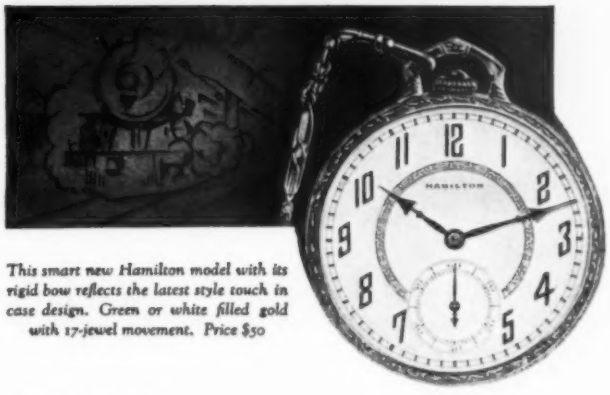
There is one gift of which every graduate is inevitably and most justly proud—a handsome watch.



A WATCH has beauty, it has elegance, it has lasting value. But a gift-watch must have two further qualities—accuracy and dependability. And these are the distinguishing characteristics of the Hamilton Watch.

In a fine timepiece, accuracy is indeed the prime requisite. It is the outstanding achievement of the Hamilton—the quality which has won for it the name—"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." It is, in fact, so accurate that it is preferred by most American railroad men.

The Hamilton Watch has an inherent dependability, too, that justly sets it apart from other watches. If you could see the watch in the process of making, you would realize why this is so. Each tiniest screw and pivot, each balance wheel and spring, is fashioned to that minute precision which insures the accuracy and dependability of the Hamilton Watch.

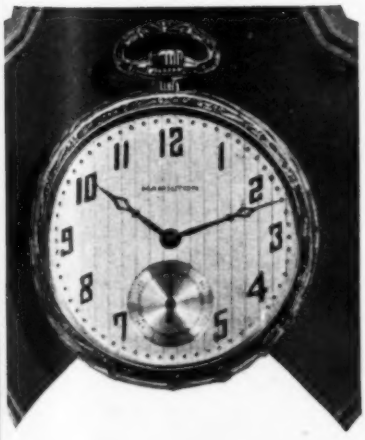


This smart new Hamilton model with its rigid bow reflects the latest style touch in case design. Green or white filled gold with 17-jewel movement. Price $50

MAY we not send you our two informative booklets, "The Timekeeper," which illustrates Hamilton Watches at prices from $48 to $685, and "The Care of Your Watch"? Address Hamilton Watch Company, 899 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

HAMILTON offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices range from $48 to $57, with a particularly attractive group at

$50



The Hamilton Masterpiece has a superb 23-jewel movement and is cased in 18k white or green gold with beautiful hand carving. The raised numerals are of 18k gold. Price $250

The new Hamilton Fillmore has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green filled gold case with 17-jewel movement. Price $50

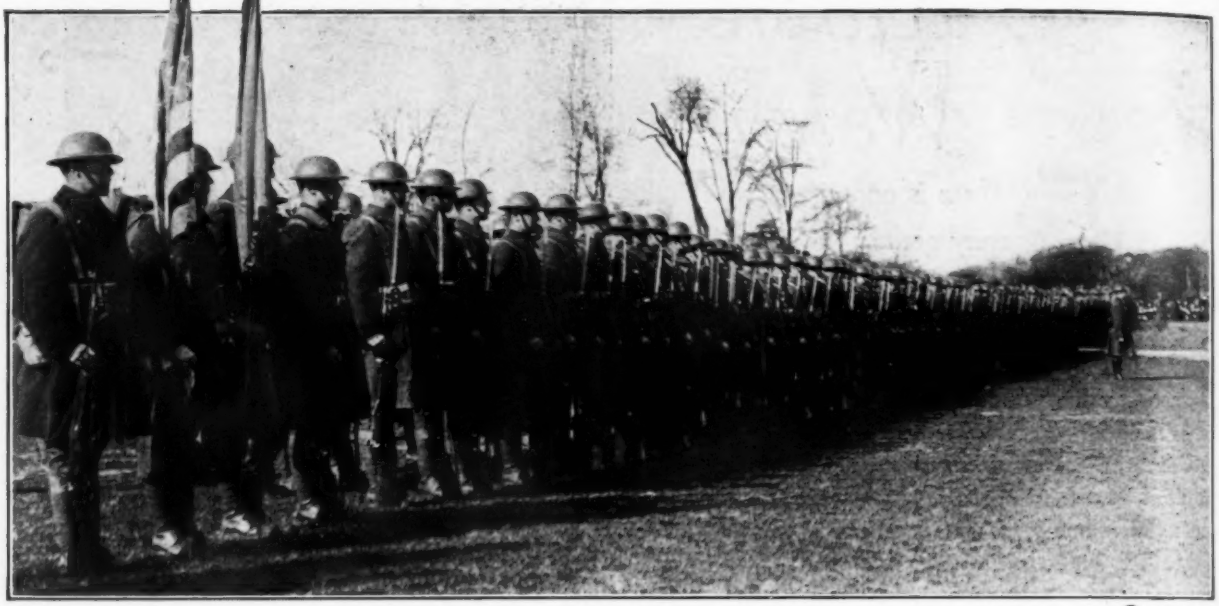
Hamilton Engraved Cushion-shaped Strap Watch—in green or white filled gold, $52; or in 14-karat gold, $77





Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

Companee-'ten-shun!



© 1927, M. L. I. Co.

WHEN Uncle Sam mustered his greatest Army and Navy to fight overseas, he had a million and one things to plan and arrange for. You remember the ships that were built and the equipment provided—camps at home and supplies abroad.

One of the wisest and kindliest provisions was to supply everyone in Service with life insurance at less than its cost to the Government—a lower rate than could be offered by any life insurance company in America. The Government had no taxes to pay and made no charge for overhead expenses.

More than $39,000,000,000 of insurance was taken by 4,500,000 Service men and women. Many of these wisely took $10,000 policies—the largest written by the Government. Others neglected their opportunities and either took out smaller policies or no insurance at all.

The policies were originally issued on the yearly renewable term plan. After the war, holders were invited to convert them into policies on a level premium, legal reserve basis such as is employed by large life insurance companies.

But, unfortunately, many policies were allowed to lapse. And now the officials at Washington, gratefully remembering the way the Government was supported in time of need, offer veterans a final chance to restore protection to their families with life insurance at rates below actual cost. All Service men and women who lapsed their term policies may have their insurance reinstated by the payment of one month's back premium when accompanied by a certificate of good health which any physician may give. Or they may now take out smaller policies at the same special rates. But—the necessary formalities must be carried through before July 2, 1927.*

There are perhaps 3,500,000 of you men and women specially privileged to get insurance at the old bargain rates offered in wartime. Will you, who have earned this right, neglect the golden opportunity?

*For information and necessary blanks send to any local headquarters of the United States Veterans' Bureau, or of The American Legion, or of the Red Cross, or to the national headquarters of any one of these organizations at Washington, D.C.



One of the most common misconceptions in the public mind regarding life insurance is that lapsed policies are a source of profit to insurance companies and therefore are desired by them. As a matter of fact, lapsed policies mean loss to both policy-holders and companies. Worst of all they often spell domestic tragedy.

Because of temporary financial pressure, men sometimes stop paying premiums hoping that a little later they may take out new policies—even though they realize that at an older age they will have to pay higher rates, if, by good fortune, they are able to pass again the necessary physical examinations.

Life insurance policies are not merely sound investments; in the majority of cases they provide the surest form of protection for American families. Once a man or woman has taken a life insurance policy, every possible precaution should be used to keep it in force at its full value.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company spends a great deal of time and effort each year urging policyholders whose misfortune may have caused them to lapse their contracts to apply for reinstatement. Also, we are glad to co-operate with Washington in urging Service men and women to get their Government insurance reinstated before it is too late.

The 3,500,000 eligibles for this bargain insurance are in a fortunate position. We hope they will take advantage of their extraordinary opportunity.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Life



Football Star: HELL, IS THIS ALL I GET FER WINNING ALL THEM GAMES?

The Composite Advertisement Reader Visits His Tobacconist

"WELL, Mr. Employee of the largest cigar retailers in the world, I am the man who feels entitled to life's better things, I have reached a point where price is no longer all-important, and I have a natural preference to pay a few cents more for that extraordinary cigarette, the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers with skillful blending, contentment, satisfaction, a rich aroma, unchanging good taste, just enough Turkish, solid deep-down enjoyment, the tang and zest of the North woods, smoking refreshment that never ends, and the password to friendliness everywhere. It must be the one cigarette sold the world over in a famous red box, be toasted to bring out the hidden flavor, the utmost in cigarette quality and the first different tobacco in a generation, endorsed by the brother of the King of Spain, Royal Highness, world traveler, thoroughbred sportsman, and distinguished social lion, a combination millions can't resist, with a sensational flight to popularity which, of course, must be deserved, there's something about it I'll like, and I'd walk a mile for it but I've recently banished the tobacco habit and now have no craving for the weed in any form on account of a cure which is not a substitute, can be taken in my morning coffee, and is absolutely guaranteed or money refunded, so all I want to say is the happiest words in the world. May I use your telephone? I thank you."

W. W. Scott.

Object: Muscularity

CHEERLEADER: Going back to the old ice wagon this summer?

STAR HALFBACK: Nope. That's out.

CHEERLEADER: What's the matter?

STAR HALFBACK: There won't be any ice wagons, I'm afraid, with all these electric refrigerators coming in.

CHEERLEADER: Then how do you expect to keep in trim?

STAR HALFBACK: I don't know — we've got some tough games ahead of us. I think I'll deliver *Saturday Evening Posts.*



Graduation from the College of Hard Knocks



He: IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER, I'LL CALL YOU UP SOME TIME.

She: IT'S IN THE BOOK.

He: FINE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

She: THAT'S IN THE BOOK, TOO.

Selective

ANCIENT MARINER: Yes, when I was a young man, I was cast away on a desert island.

PHYLLIS: Really? What ten books did you take with you?

Song for This Elizabethan Weather

THE Roc, he is a monstrous bird;
With a fe, and a fi, and a fum, fo, fa.
An alate giant, 'pon my word;
With a do, re, mi, and a fa, sol, la.
But when his flight is five miles high,
With a rum, tum, tiddle, and a he, hi, ho,
He seems a speck against the sky,
With a vo dio do vo dio do do.

Now distance lends enchantment; true.
Sing toodlie, oodlie, fal fal de roodlie, pip pip pioodle hurray.
A saw as plain as two and two.
Sing whifflety, pifflety, mush mush tedifflety, yip i addy i ay.
Then is the Roc, we're fair in guessing,
Sing willow, tit willow, pish, tush, pedillo, my own cockadillo, doo doo,
The closer, the less prepossessing;
Sing whoops, my dear, la de da, fol de rol rah rah rah, hey nonny nonny nah poo.

J. K. Jessup.

A PAINT has been invented which renders an object invisible at a few yards. We suspect golf ball manufacturers of using it.



"I BELONG TO THE ORDER OF K. K. K."
"YOU MEAN THE KLAN?"
"NO, KOLLEGIATE KUT KLOTHES."

Lie

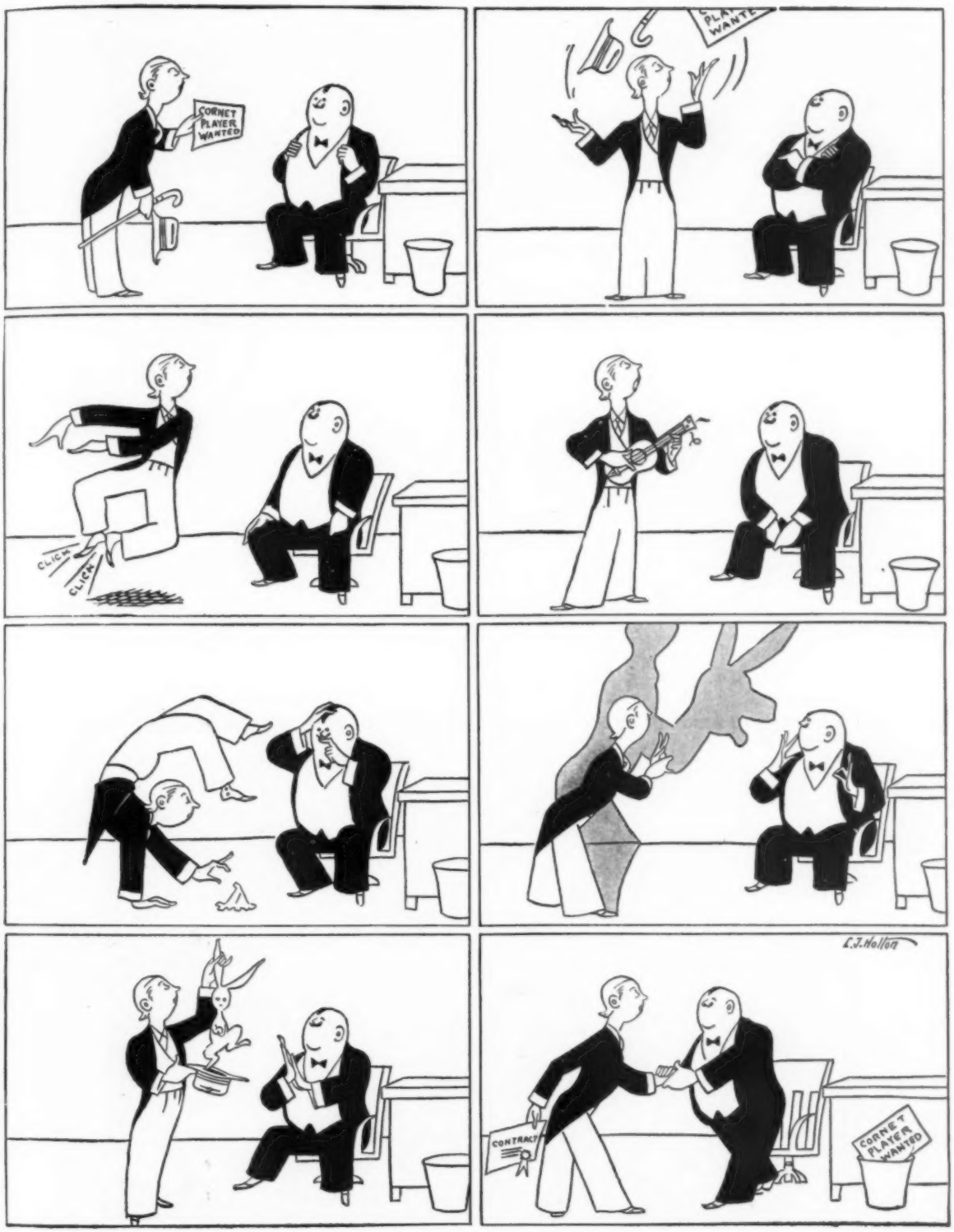
ONCE there was a Prohibition debate which firmly convinced somebody who wasn't firmly convinced already.

"DID you finish your education?"
"No, I ran out of stamps."



Mopsy: DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW A MAN PRETTY WELL BEFORE YOU MARRY HIM?

Flopsy: YOU OUGHT TO KNOW HIM SO WELL THAT YOU WON'T.



The Tryout

A modern jazz leader hires a cornet player



Commencement at the Barbers' College

"SO ELMER DIDN'T GET HIS DEGREE? WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE?"
"TOO MANY CUTS."

Spatial Devolution

ANGLO-SAXON ERA: Breakfast hall.
Victorian Period: Breakfast room.
1927: Breakfast nook.
1950: Breakfast shelf.

The Salesman, an Ex-Top Sergeant, Goes A. E. F.

"ATTENTION! Snap into it, stupid! Twist your pan front and center and hear me count off. I hope to kick in your mess-kit if I haven't been in this Cognac Pete annex fourteen times in ten days to sell you a bill of goods. Who do you think you are, soldier, Pershing? An' what's the idea of sendin' out to tell me you was in conference, hey? Answer me, you spud peeler, before I wrap a bunch of fives around that thing you call a neck! Ha! Conference! Conference me Aunt's allotment money! You ain't had a real front-line conference since Foch quit playin' jacks with Dangerous Dan McGrew.

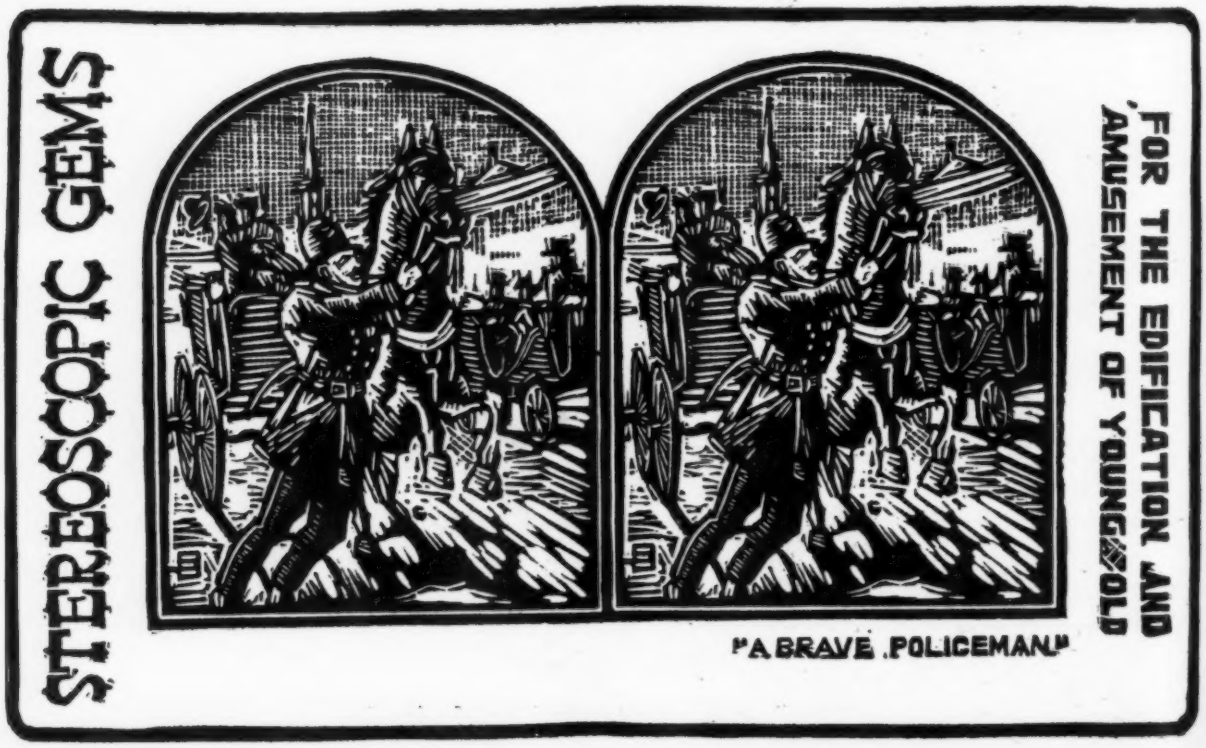
"Now pin your ears back, foolish, while I tell you something to write to Mother. If you're cravin' a poke in the nose, just keep on actin' the way you are. That's all, just keep on goin' as is! Get me, doughboy, get me! And if I don't get an order for Comstock's Little Giant Laundry Soap by next Wednesday, you're gonna get a gift from a grateful government in insurance money, and I don't mean maybe, see! Think it over, s'long!" *Tom F. Barry.*



Right Back Where He Started From

Josephine: WHY SO DUMB THIS EVENING, JOE? WHERE'S YOUR EDUCATION?

Joe: EDUCATION? IT'S GONE BACK TO THE COMPANY. I COULDN'T PAY THE LAST INSTALLMENT AND THEY TOOK IT AWAY.



A Lig's-Eye View of Literature

By Dorothy Parker



Oscar Wilde

IF, with the literate, I am
Impelled to try an epigram,
I never seek to take the credit;
We all assume that Oscar said it.



Harriet Beecher Stowe

THE wise and worthy Mrs. Stowe
Is one we all are proud to know
As mother, wife, and authoress,—
Thank God I am content with less!



D. G. Rossetti

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
Buried all of his *libretti*,
Thought the matter over,—then
Went and dug them up again.



Thomas Carlyle

CARLYLE combined the lit'ry life
With throwing teacups at his wife,
Remarking, rather testily,
"Oh, do stop dodging, Mrs. C.!"



The Lives and Times of John Keats, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and George Gordon, Lord Byron

BYRON and Shelley and Keats
Were a trio of lyrical treats.
The forehead of Shelley was cluttered with curls,
And Keats never was a descendant of earls,
And Byron walked out with a number of girls,
But it didn't impair the poetical feats
Of Byron and Shelley,
Of Byron and Shelley,
Of Byron and Shelley and Keats.



George Sand

WHAT time the gifted lady took
Away from paper, pen, and book,
She spent in amorous dalliance
(Which is not frowned upon in France).



Alexandre Dumas and His Son

ALTHOUGH I work, and seldom cease,
At Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils*,
Alas, I cannot make me care
For Dumas *fils* and Dumas *père*.



Walter Savage Landor

UPON the work of Walter Landor
I am unfit to write with candor.
If you can read it, well and good;
But as for me, I never could.



Alfred Lord Tennyson

SHOULD Heaven send me any son,
I hope he's not like Tennyson.
I'd rather have him play a fiddle
Than rise and bow and read an idyll.



George Gissing

WHEN I admit neglect of Gissing,
They say I don't know what I'm missing.
Until their arguments are subtler,
I think I'll stick to Samuel Butler.



Charles Dickens

WHO call him spurious and shoddy
Shall do it o'er my lifeless body.
I heartily invite such birds
To come outside and say those words!



"MY DEAR MRS. SCHLOSSBERG, FOR THE LAST TIME—WILL YOU ADMIT MR. H. L. MENCKEN IS A GREATER MIND THAN MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—OR MUST OUR FRIENDSHIP CEASE?"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 11th The first post full of suppositions from perfect strangers that at this time of the year I am contemplating having certain of my rugs or floor coverings either cleaned, repaired or stored, which I am not doing at all, and were it not for my old handmaiden Virgie, who, now that she is established amongst the propertied class of Brooklyn, does visit me when the seasons change much after the fashion of a district nurse, our closets would not be larvexed before the Fourth of July. Lord! it is almost more than I can bear to realize that the hangings must soon come down, forasmuch as it seems only the day before yesterday that we got them up. To luncheon with Babs Ottley at an inn, doing myself well enough on soft crabs and vegetable salad, but the food which various persons at adjoining tables had ordered did look, as usual, more attractive than mine own, nor could I identify the dishes from the card, neither, and was minded of the time when Marge Boothby, seeing a waiter at the Biltmore pass with a tray of pink drinks, had asked him what they were, whereupon he quoth, (*Please turn to page* 36)



He: I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES WHAT I AM THINKING OF.
She: ALL RIGHT. IS IT ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR MINERAL?
He: IT'S ANIMAL.
She (after much reflection): ME?

Advice to Graduates

DON'T let yourself be wheedled into accepting a job that pays more than $20 a week.

Wear trick clothing, cultivate an infinitesimal mustache, and learn to drive a decrepit Ford.

Assume a "nice little boy eager to learn" pose while being advised by a $2,500 fourth assistant yes-man.

Learn the saxophone, cultivate a taste for bad gin, and smirk knowingly when any one mentions necking.

Block that laugh when the stout gentleman explains his success.

Enter a vehement denial that you went to college to study.

Do these things, for traditions are traditions, and it would be sinful to shatter the illusions of your self-appointed betters who believe all the jokes they hear about you.

Gerald Cosgrove.

"WHY did the Chicago police arrest that gunman?"

"He was driving his armored car on the wrong side of the street."

The Man Who Writes French Composition Books Goes to the Barber Shop

(1) SINCE the man who was in this chair has left, I shall sit down. (2) Give me, please, a shave and haircut. (3) No, I do not want a shampoo, manicure, or shine. (4) Thank you for offering them to me. (5) Although my hair is thin, I shall not buy any tonic. (6) When I am bald I shall wear a wig. (7) If I knew who would win the six-day bicycle race I should not tell you. (8) Pardon me, you have cut a small piece of my ear. (9) Is that Bay Rum which you have used? (10) It has a beautiful smell, but I do not like it. (11) Give me, please, my collar and tie. (12) Here is some money for the head barber and here is some of it for you. (13) I shall not visit here again.

W. W. S.

A Scream

MRS. MOORE: Why did you laugh so heartily at Mr. Jones's funny story?

MOORE: I was just laughing at the story I was getting ready to tell.



The Modern Improvement

Father: WHEN I USED TO GO TO SEE A GIRL I ALWAYS LEFT HER HOUSE AT HALF-PAST TEN.

Son: SO DO I, DAD. BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS, SHE GOES ALONG.

IT'S no sin to play golf on Sunday, but the way some play is a crime.



Adam: EVE, OLD KID, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU. YOU CERTAINLY KNOW YOUR APPLES.



Without Stretching

"HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU IMAGINE HE'S KISSED YOU?"
"SO FAR I HAVEN'T HAD TO *imagine* HE'S KISSED ME AT ALL."

The Society Editor's Daughter Returns from the Firemen's Ball

DAUGHTER: Well, I'm *chez moi* at last. The fête is over.

EDITOR: *On dit* that it's pretty late. Indications point to a lack of sleep.

MOTHER: I think it augurs well that our daughter made a protracted stay at the party.

DAUGHTER: I stopped as long as I could. It was the most brilliant affair of the post-Lenten season.

MOTHER: Where was the dance held?

DAUGHTER: In the old armory on Main Street, now one of the show places of our city.

MOTHER: And did members of the fashionable world turn out in force?

DAUGHTER: Yes, many notables were present, and special trains were run from the Union Station.

EDITOR: Ah, I suppose the festivities attracted a large group of the metropolitan smart set.

DAUGHTER: That was it. And there were some of the *jeunesse dorée* there too.

MOTHER: Did you get anything to eat?

DAUGHTER: Refreshments were served. It was a truly Lucullan repast of the choicest of viands.

EDITOR: To what charity were the proceeds devoted?

DAUGHTER: The proceeds were devoted to a charity sponsored by a committee of débutantes and socially prominent matrons.

MOTHER: Did you receive any attention from the *beau monde* during the party?

DAUGHTER: I was the cynosure of all eyes. *En passant,* I may say that I am engaged. The alliance was arranged at the fifth dance.

MOTHER: Gracious! This comes as a surprise to your parents.

DAUGHTER: We have been seen constantly together, and our names have been coupled in gossip.

EDITOR: Who is to be the lucky groom?

DAUGHTER: The bridegroom-to-be is one of the most active members of the younger set. He is connected with the Department of Street Cleaning and is a member of the fashionable "shack" colony on the edge of town.

MOTHER: When is this betrothal to be announced?

DAUGHTER: Very soon, at the town residence of the bride's parents. Guests will be entertained with a mattress and tractor shower.

EDITOR: Good. And where will the newlyweds make their home?

DAUGHTER: After an extended motor tour to Niagara Falls the couple will make their home in this city.

EDITOR: Yes, and engage in manifold activities in the Women's Club and the younger married set. I can see that this alliance will give a new impetus to the social calendar. Let's all go to bed.

W. W. Scott.

Time for Bed, Willie!

WILLIE: Ma, didja know that Pop is a great swimmer?

MOTHER: No—what makes you think so?

WILLIE: Well, I heard him telling Uncle Jim that he knew a lot of swell dives.



"ARE YOU A HUMORIST?"
"NO, I NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE."

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY

Vestryman: WE MISSED YOU IN CHURCH THIS MORNING. YOUR WIFE SAID YOU WERE HOME ILL.

Golf Enthusiast: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...*I made a really remarkable recovery in the trap on Number One.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

JOHN GILMORE,
940 *New York Life Building,*
Kansas City, Missouri.

Second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

JEAN JACKSON, *Sea Cliff, Long Island,* for the Alibi: "I was ill this morning, but this afternoon I'm able to get a round."

MRS. H. C. JANVRIN, *Boston, Massachusetts,* for the Alibi: "I'm 'trapped' and am doing my best to get out of a bad 'lie.'"

FAYE CLARKE LAWS, *Havana, Illinois;* ESTHER REED, *Mare Island, California;* W. R. FRANCIS, *Lake Wales, Florida;* ELISE P. MILES, *Asheville, North Carolina;* GERALDINE S. BAUMAN, *Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania,* for variations of the following Alibi: "My doctor said to keep in constant touch with him. He came out for a round of golf and I had to come along."

(*The Conditions of the Contest will be found on page* 41.)

ALIBI CONTEST

$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

NO one will deny that there are many perfectly blameless methods of getting a black eye.

The most law-abiding man in the entire universe may become the proprietor of one of these temporary disfigurements at any time, through no fault of his own.

But — explaining the black eye! That, dear friends, is something entirely else again. It makes no difference what sort of Alibi you choose to invent; one is as good as another, because no one will believe you anyway.

If, however, you will come to the aid of the young man in the picture below, to the extent of supplying him with a clever and ingenious reply to his tormentors, LIFE will reward you with a cash prize.

Complete, in twenty-five words or less, the young man's answer which begins, "Well, you see, it was this way..." and send your conclusions in as the conditions direct.

Prizes are as follows:

First Prize, $50.00

Five Second Prizes of $10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-SIX will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered. *Read the conditions carefully—and go to it.*

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE



The Office Force (in chorus): WELL, ED, WHERE DID YOU COLLECT THE BLACK EYE?

Ed: WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY...



"I WISH TO RETURN THIS BOOK. IT WAS ADVERTISED AS A FIFTY-THOUSAND-WORD NOVEL, AND I FIND IT CONTAINS ONLY FORTY-NINE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE."

Mistake

PROFESSOR: I am happy to inform you, Mr. Johnson, that you were marked one hundred in your recent examination.

STUDENT: Was that an examination? I thought it was a new Questionnaire Book.



Teacher: WHAT IS THE "ORDER OF THE BATH"?
Kid: PA FIRST, THEN MA, THEN US KIDS, AND THEN THE HIRED GIRL.

It Won't Be Long Now, Dearie

("The Pons-Winnecke comet will be visible the latter part of June."—*News Item.*)

ADDRESS by Senator Holler, probably of Alabama:

Gentlemen of the Seventieth Congress! This nation to-day is threatened by the most serious menace it has faced since the noble Liberty Boys of '76 wrested it from the dastardly lobsterbacks of the infamous George III. Gentlemen, I sound the call to arms!

Without a vestige of official authority the Pons-Winnecke comet—an alien comet, a foreign comet, an un-American comet—will, unless speedy and stern measures are taken, be soon reeling and lurching over our skies! Aye, OUR skies, gentlemen, for Old Glory rules the air above us as well as the ground beneath our feet.

Nay, more! Have you thought upon the significance of the name of this uninvited comet? *Pons,* a word from the Latin, the official language of the Roman Catholic Church! Are we, gentlemen, to permit ourselves to be ruled from Rome, to accept in meekness any comets the Papacy deigns to force upon us? Did the boys of '76, of '61, of '17, and of many other years too numerous to mention fight and bleed in vain?

No, a thousand times no! If we are to have a comet—and, mind you, I am a fair man and a just man and hold no enmity against comets *as* comets—let it be a native comet, a comet of the land we call home, a comet that can trail its tail across the heavens star-spangled as our own dear banner, a comet that need bow its head to none, but can say proudly: "I am an American!"

So, gentlemen, I am honored in sponsoring the following bill forbidding the Pons-Winnecke comet from entering the skies of the Western Hemisphere and providing for an appropriation of $5,000,000 to enforce this prohibition. *Tip Bliss.*

Everybody Up!

AN ancient Mexican seat of learning, La Universitad Michoacana de San Nicolas de Hidalgo de Morelia, may be obliged to close its doors. The trouble is probably that nobody has been able to think up a college yell for it.

At the Hosiery Counter

"I WANT to see some stockings suitable for wear at the Country Club."

"Golf?"

"No; porch."

MARRIAGE seems to have developed into a problem which has to be worked out of.



"HOW D'YA FEEL, CHARLIE?"
"KINDA SENTIMENTAL. HATE T' LEAVE TH' OLE SCHOOL."
"G'WAN! THA'S JUS' TH' GIN."



The Birth of a College Comic Paper

SCENE: *The editorial sanctum of* THE RAZOR-BLADE, *the college comic publication, issued bi-weekly if the editors can get enough stuff together. It is* 9:30 *in the evening of the day on which all copy was due at the printers' at* 5.

EDITORS PRESENT: YOULING, '28, *Chairman;* BEAMISH, '28; ROFFEN, '29; PHIELO, '29. *The remaining twelve members of the Board have never been seen since their election in February.*

THE CHAIRMAN: Well, let's see, what have we got? What about the pictures?

PHIELO, '29: Do, do, yo-de-do, do-do-yo-de-do——

THE CHAIRMAN: Come on now! Cut the fooling! What pictures have we got?

ART EDITOR: Well, let's see, we've got four girls' heads and two full-lengths of girls lying on couches. Then there are four imitation John Helds and three straight he-and-she drawings with no jokes to go with them. And a caricature of—let's see, the name's on the back — a caricature of Dean Whiffy.

CHAIRMAN: What about text?

PHIELO, '29: Do, do-yo-de-do, do——

CHAIRMAN: Come on now! Cut the fooling! We've got to get this number down to-night. What about text?

MANUSCRIPT EDITOR: Eighteen poems, five of them to Milady's ankle, and twenty-nine necking jokes. If we use them all, we are still five whole pages short.

CHAIRMAN: Well, let's see. Give us some pins. Give us a girl's head for the frontispiece and we can run the verse on skiing under it.

(ROFFEN *and* BEAMISH *leave, having ten-o'clock dates.*)

CHAIRMAN (*continuing*): Well, let's see. We can give each of the girls' heads a page. There's four full pages and four poems to go with them.

PHIELO, '29: Do you want any lemon peel in yours, Chief?

CHAIRMAN: Come on now! Cut the fooling! We've got to get this number down to-night. Give us some more necking jokes and find some drawings of two studes in fur coats to run over them. Put a John Held tracing on every other page. How many pages is that?

DUMMY EDITOR: We still lack three pages of filling.

CHAIRMAN: We'll have to run the best Held tracing as a full page and print one of the verses in Old English type for a full page. Have we got one that sounds like Dorothy Parker's?

MANUSCRIPT EDITOR: Sure, they all do.

CHAIRMAN: Give us the best and get the printer to run a stock border around it. There's *that* page.

(ROFFEN *and* BEAMISH *return from ten-o'clock dates, accompanied by friends.*)

ROFFEN, BEAMISH AND FRIENDS: Sometimes I'm happy—sometimes I'm sad—sometimes I'm——

PHIELO, '29: Do-yo-do-de do, do yo do de-do, *Do!*

CHAIRMAN: Come on now! Cut the singing! We've got to get this number down to-night.

ROFFEN, BEAMISH AND FRIENDS, *joined by* PHIELO, '29: We've got to get the number down to-night, boys, we've got to get the number down to-night, for my old mother is as good as any other—was the trainman's lullaby.

CHAIRMAN: Oh, send what we've got down and mark "Copy to come" and "Space to fill" on the pages that don't fill.

THE ENTIRE BOARD, WITH FRIENDS (*exiting*): Do-do-yo-de-do, do-do-yo-de-do, DO! *Robert Benchley.*



Joan: DON'T YOU THINK THAT WOMEN'S DRESSES ARE BECOMING SHORTER?
Peter: YES, VERY MUCH MORE BECOMING.

They Knew Their Prospect

"OLD college ties, gentlemen," orated the old grad from the platform, "old college ties . . . the lasting loyal love for our alma mater, and her love for us. Where, fellow alumni, where, I ask you, can you find a greater, better, worthier, nobler, finer, stronger bond . . . a bond which will repay you more? . . ."

"Ya-a-a-ay!" shouted the entire class of '26, rising to their feet. "A customer!"

And the old grad was utterly destroyed in the rush. *H. W. H.*

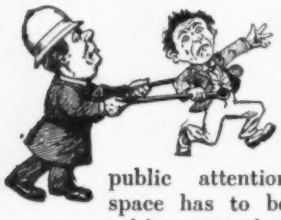


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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor* CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



WE are suffering from an embarrassment of murders and murder trials. Too large a share of public attention and newspaper space has to be diverted to these subjects, to the prejudice of many other pressing matters.

The problem of dealing with crime is enormous. There is first the big job of catching the criminals and then the even more difficult task of curing them, or in some way disposing of them so as to keep them out of mischief. Prisons give only moderate satisfaction to either the people that are in them or those who still contrive to stay outside. We seem to have got past the idea that mere punishment does much good and not yet to have arrived at any satisfactory method for perfecting prisons on their reformatory side. A movement is afoot now to raise a million dollars to carry on the work that was started by Thomas Mott Osborne. Perhaps the gentlemen who have this enterprise in charge—Dr. Samuel Eliot, Mr. George Foster Peabody, Governor Sweet of Colorado, Dr. George Kirchwey and others—will be able to raise their million dollars. Let us hope they will, but to make it help the prison situation will be a job fit for fasting and prayer.

Prisons are one of the luxuries of elaborated civilization. Primitive communities that have not much public machinery use rough-and-ready means of keeping order. They hang, shoot and kill as necessity demands, getting bad actors out of the way so that the rest of the people will get along with their work.

Crime must somehow be effectually dealt with. It is not being so dealt with at present. The people who disbelieve in capital punishment hold that it is not a cure for crime. The only known alternative is confinement and that is difficult, expensive and calls for qualities in management of prisoners that are very scarce. The people in charge of prisons should be consecrated vessels. As a rule they are not particularly consecrated, but merely the best hands that politics offers for the job. If a million dollars can even make a beginning of solving the prison problem, it will be a trifling expenditure compared with the importance of its object.



CRIES of pain come from Massachusetts over the Sacco-Vanzetti case because of the supposition that the world outside of the Bay State holds considerably with the opinion that Massachusetts justice is no good. The Boston *Herald*, for example, wishes outsiders to understand that Massachusetts as a community is just as conscientious as any other State, and that its only aim in judicial concerns is to establish justice among men.

Granted all of that and more! There is no State which, generally speaking, outranks Massachusetts in the provision of justice. What is criticized in her system as it has affected the Sacco-Vanzetti case is that it does not provide for the review of the facts in a capital case by a court outside of the court that tried the case. The justice done by all courts is defective, especially in criminal cases. Massachusetts might have the best record in the country, as possibly it has, and yet have nothing to brag of. Human justice is highly fallible; governmental justice hardly exists. The bigger the machine the harder it is to make its output conform with righteousness.



WHAT with floods, fliers and the return of baseball, Prohibition enforcement is not so much discussed as it was, and might to its advantage be moved over onto the sports page. Nevertheless, the Springfield *Republican* lately showed a conscientious concern about it to the extent of a column leader headed: "Roy Asa Haynes—Dry."

It objected heartily, with denunciatory particulars, to making said Haynes Prohibition Commissioner, whether acting or permanent. It would consent to have him go as consul to Pernambuco, but it submitted, at length and earnestly, that as Prohibition Commissioner he was no good. It went farther than that. Suspecting that the Anti-Saloon League wanted Haynes, it declared that "even the Anti-Saloon League does not own the Eighteenth Amendment." It is a mistake, it thinks, "to identify Prohibition enforcement exclusively with the officials of the Anti-Saloon League, precisely as it is a mistake to identify it with the Methodist Episcopal Church." And then it comes out with a remark that is evidence that it is really becoming thoughtful about Prohibition, to wit: "If Federal Prohibition is ever to be an established and stabilized success, it must enlist the support and devotion of elements of the population that were not attracted to it in the crusading days."

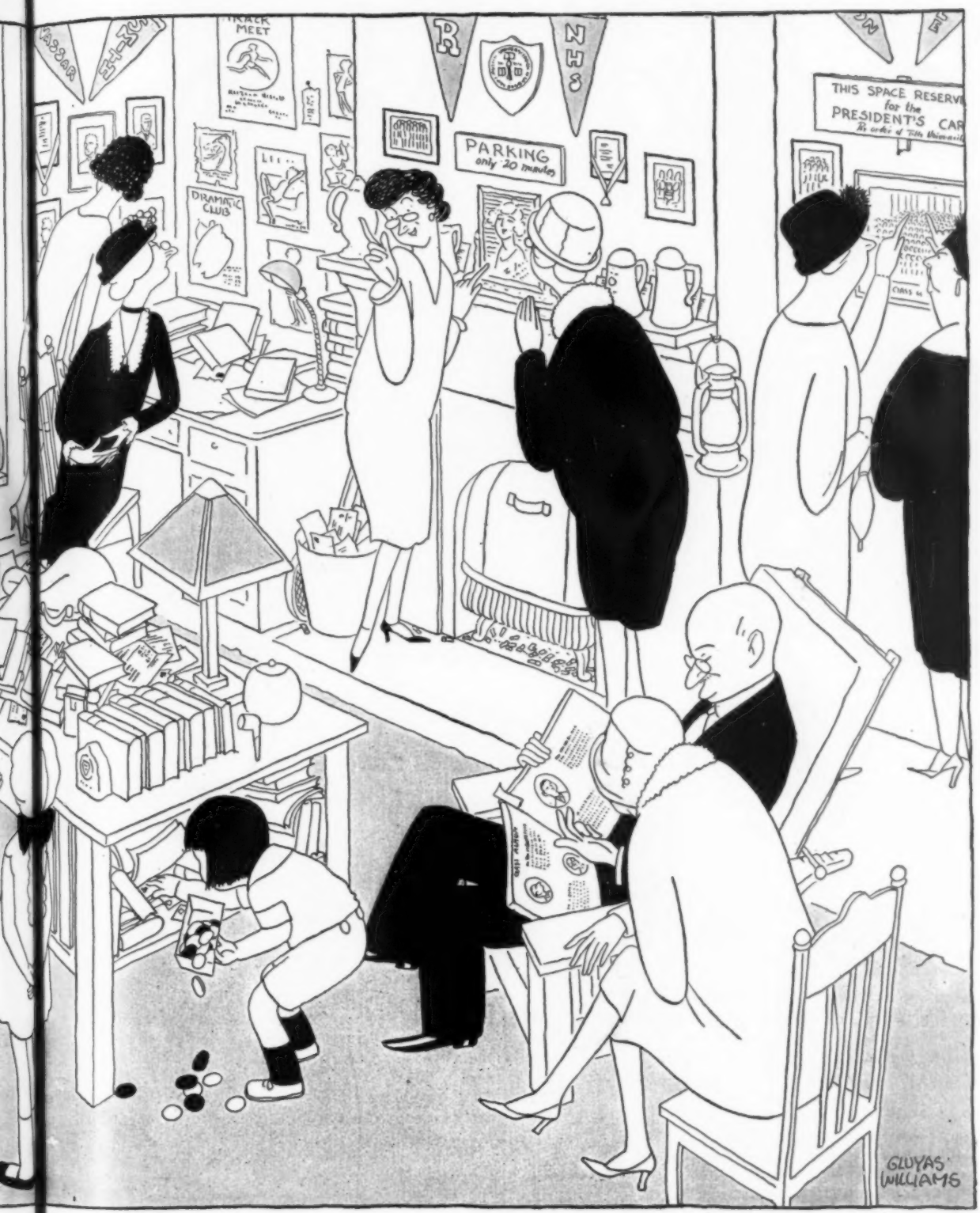
True enough, of course, and coming from such a faithful Dry as the S. *R.*, quite significant. The original Drys can't do the job. They must have reinforcements or they are beaten, but where and how will they get them? Meanwhile, Mr. Coolidge seems to have agreed with the *Republican* about R. A. Haynes.

E. S. Martin.


THE MONTH
AL SMITH'S LETTER
BIGOTRY AND PREJUDICE
A KNOCKOUT!
IN TROUBLE
FINANCES
JAPAN
FAME
THE MOTHS
THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
FLOOD AND DESOLATION
YES, BAIT IS SCARCE
DEM.
ISSUES
PEACE
STILL IN THE AIR
NICARAGUA
CHINA
AS GREAT A PUZZLE AS EVER
3RD TERM TRADITION
C.C.
SAYING NOTHING, BUT —



The R

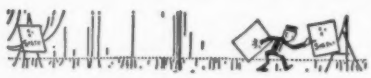

TRACK MEET
DRAMATIC CLUB
PARKING only 20 minutes
THIS SPACE RESERVE for the PRESIDENT'S CAR
GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Ho-Hum!

IT hardly seems possible that another dramatic season has come and gone. It seems like four. These last few weeks have seemed like a season in themselves—hay-fever season or the season for seven-year locusts. It is doubtful whether even the oldest dramatic critic, if you caught him down on the dock whittling and sunning himself, could recall such a mess of whitebait as has come up in the nets since April.

"Where do they come from?" is the cry which is going up from all quarters, or at any rate, is what we should like to know. "Who writes them?" is another point which is right on the verge of being moot. Nobody seems to know (*music cue*) and nobody seems to care.



IT is like getting out the old turtle-neck sweater and skull-cap to drop in for a few minutes at the Central Theatre, where Thurston, the Master Magician, is fulfilling his announced intention of mystifying and entertaining but *not* deceiving. You might as well be right back in the early 1900's. Better, in fact. For there is nothing so changeless as magic. The magicians even *say* the same things that they said twenty years ago, probably the same things that they said two thousand years ago. We have no doubt that Merlin, before liberating five doves from Arthur's helmet, said with a roguish twinkle in his eye: "Now I do hope that you will watch carefully and will detect just how this is done, for I really have no wish to deceive you!"



NOT that Thurston hasn't got new tricks. He has several, and very good they are, too. But the atmosphere is the same and the audience has that same look of amused incredulity, assumed doubtless to keep from crying at not being able to see how the tricks are done.

Just to name a few of the illusions as they are listed on the program will indicate the spirit of *bonhomie* in which these startling mystifications are performed:

"Sawing Through a Woman (By Public Request)," "The Maid, the Boy and the Donkey," "A Bit of Fun," "The Elastic Lady," and "My Lady's Parasol." All, as you see, done in the jolliest of spirits and with no harm to any one—unless perhaps to the lady who allows herself to be stretched to incredible lengths and then, to add injury to insult, cut into two distinct pieces.

But, as we kept saying over and over to ourself during this and the act in which *Abdul*, the Fire Eater, holds his arm in a blazing torch—these people don't *have* to do this unless they want to, so there is no need of feeling sorry for them, with all you yourself have to worry about.



IN one respect Thurston is strictly modern in his dramaturgy. At least one-tenth of his audience is composed of "plants" who volunteer to go up on the stage, including several children equipped with horrendous gag-lines. There ought to be quite a vocation for these audience-actors doubling for Thurston and "The Spider," with perhaps ten or fifteen minutes at "Triple-Crossed" on the way from the Central to the Chanin.



IT is a little late to comment on the Pulitzer Prize winner, Paul Green's "In Abraham's Bosom," and our comment wouldn't be very valuable anyway. We can think of other plays of the season which might very well have won *some* prize over "In Abraham's Bosom," but, considering the qualifications with which the Pulitzer award is hedged about, and the fine, honest strength of Mr. Green's play with its continuous smoldering tragedy and the vivid performance of its Negro cast, especially Frank Wilson, we can not help feeling glad that it won the prize.

Mr. Green's other play, "The Field God," is a strange mixture of regulation rustic sex-troubles (it seems to be only in the rural districts that young men marry old wives and vice versa) and powerful, macabre drama. Comparable only with the Beggars' Dance in "The Dybbuk" is the sinister grouping of poor whites by the cauldron in *Hardy Gilchrist's* side-yard, culminating in as wild and terrible a curtain on the boy's suicide as we have ever seen. The boy, by the way, is excellently done by Ben Smith, and the atheist farmer by Fritz Leiber, to name only two in a cast rich in characterization and fortunate in its direction.

With "In Abraham's Bosom" and "The Field God" to his credit, Paul Green can safely be said, in the cautious phrase of the professional commentators, "to show great promise." We might almost credit him with a certain degree of achievement already.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

The Barker. *Biltmore*—Love and hate behind the scenes of a sideshow, with Walter Huston bearing the brunt of things. A generally satisfactory evening.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in costume, acting out Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

Crime. *Times Square*—A fairly ordinary crook play enlivened by one very exciting robbery.

The Field God. *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—A play about reincarnation which has already died and must now be in its second or third life—at considerable expense to the producer.

The Mystery Ship. *Comedy*—One of the worst.

The Spider. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A cleverly contrived murder mystery which you ought to see.

Spread Eagle. *Martin Beck*—A satirical melodrama which exposes some of the ways in which We the People can be kidded.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Considerable unimportant talk about the sex appeal of a gypsy maid.

The Thief. *Ritz*—Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill in a drama which is well made but no longer fresh.

Triple Crossed. *Morosco*—Another crime melodrama in which the audience doesn't know where it stands. "The Spider" gone crazy.

The Wooden Kimono. *Fulton*—Productive of a series of fairly loud screams from susceptible patrons.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Now in this sixth year of "Abie's Irish Rose" let's everybody just sit very quietly and not fool. There has been too much fooling.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Entertainment that *is* entertainment.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—A comedy built for Ethel Barrymore.

Her Cardboard Lover. *Empire*—Jeanne Eagels, more than assisted by Leslie Howard, in a French bit which has a few amusing moments.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Garrick*—Laura Hope Crews in Milne's very nice trifle.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Holbrook Blinn and an excellent company showing what you can get away with provided you do it nicely and funnily.

Pygmalion. *Guild*—Shaw's comedy in a highly successful revival.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl showing very conclusively that Hannibal would have been a fool to do anything different from what he did.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—Ruth Gordon in a little play about young married life which, behind a pleasant exterior, packs a great deal of wisdom.

Thurston, the Magician. *Central*—Reviewed in this issue.

Tommy. *Eltinge*—Nice and clean.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—Clean and nice.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—A big show, containing a real circus including the Hannefords. Also George Hassell.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell in one of the season's best.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed next week.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Excellent musical comedy, with Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Good enough to amuse a great many people and to make Eddie Dowling rich.

Lady Do. *Liberty*—One of the weaker sisters.

Merry-Go-Round. *Klaw*—To be reviewed later.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—What with one thing and another, meaning Phil Baker and Tom Healy, an evening's entertainment.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—Smart musical comedy, with Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw.

Patience. *Masque*—To be reviewed next week.

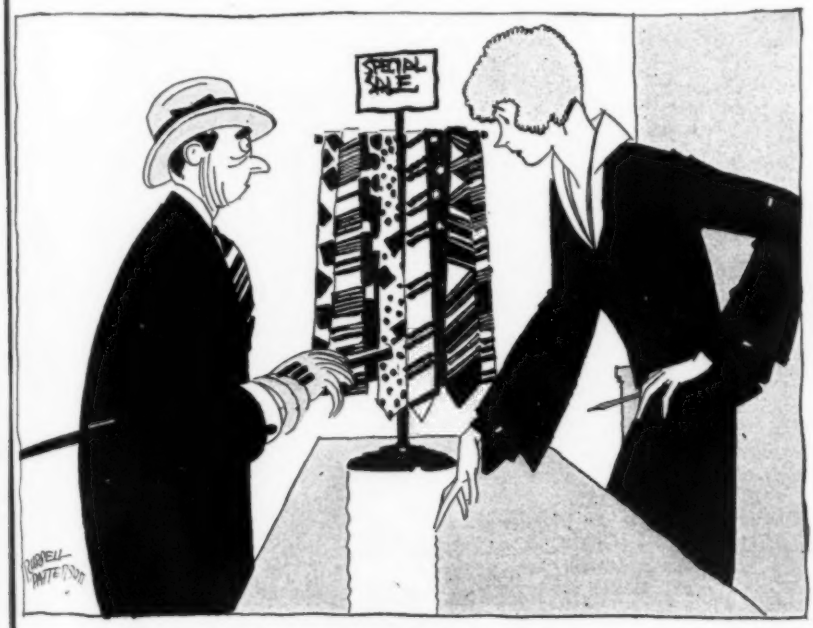
Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—Helen Ford in a show which has not only nice music but something new in books.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—The dean.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—A beautiful show to look at, with comedy from Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

Ruddigore. *Cosmopolitan*—To be reviewed next week.

Scandals. *Apollo*—Last two weeks of George White's master-revue.



He: GIVE ME A PAIR OF B. V. D'S.
She: NUMBER, PLEASE?
He: HILLSIDE 1830.

The Language of Flirts

(*A Dialogue*)

Grandmother speaks:

"GIRLS will always be girls, my dear.
I do not agree with those who fear
For modern youth. A natural thing
It is for youth to have its fling.
I'll tell you a secret. Years ago
We used to flirt with our kerchiefs—so.
A little wave of a square of lace,
Or raised, just so, to a blushing face,
Would flash a message to watchful eyes.
And you, I'm sure, it will not surprise
To hear of a 'Language of Flowers' book.
The boldest among us girls would look
To find the meaning of posies gay
When worn in just a certain way.
And so, I am tolerant, my dear,
When tales of modern youth I hear.
No doubt girls now have signs like these—"

Granddaughter speaks:

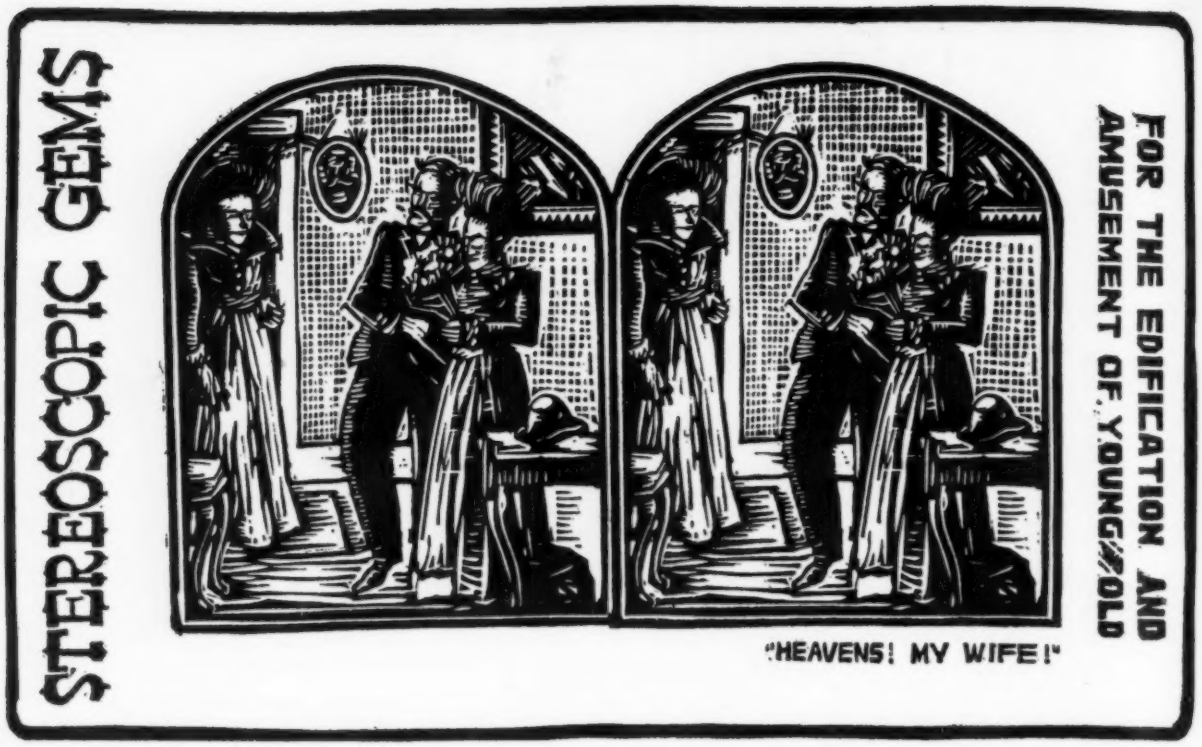
"Oh, yes; we signal with our knees."

A. H. F.

Fame

CRAWFORD: So his singing teachers gave him great encouragement?

CRABSHAW: Wonderful. They assured him that in a few years he'd be writing cigarette ads.



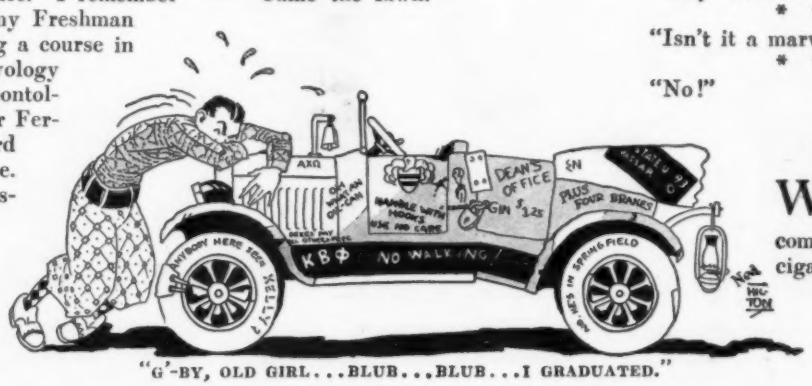
The Air College

YES, I'm a college man—good old McGoofus University, Class of '26. Some day I'm going to run up to the old place and see what it looks like. No, I've never been there. I took the air course, broadcast from WJZ. Father wanted me to go to McGillicuddy—Station WEAF, but some of the boys who prepped with me at WOR were enrolling at McGoofus, so I decided to stick with them.

There's nothing like the memories of the good old days you spend at college. It's something that stays with you all your life. I remember the fun I had in my Freshman year. I was taking a course in Advanced Embryology and Applied Palæontology under Professor Ferguson—you've heard of him, of course. Some of my classmates in the neighborhood and I used to have hot discussions as to what he looked like; I claimed that he had red hair and some of the fellows insisted that he was bald. But how we used to cut up in his class! It makes me chuckle now to think of how, in the midst of one of his lectures, I would twist the dial and switch on the Happiness Boys or Ben Bernie's Orchestra.

I don't remember much now about Embryology and Palæontology. I always say it isn't so much what you learn at college that counts; it's the associations. *N. L.*

SUBURBANITE'S lament—"Came the lawn."



"G'-BY, OLD GIRL...BLUB...BLUB...I GRADUATED."

Voices of the Night

"AM I the first girl you've ever kissed?"

* * *

"Stop now!"

* * *

"You are wonderful!"

* * *

"Please—just one more."

* * *

"Do you suppose the car will start now?"

* * *

"Gosh! I just know I look a sight!"

* * *

"Why should I?"

* * *

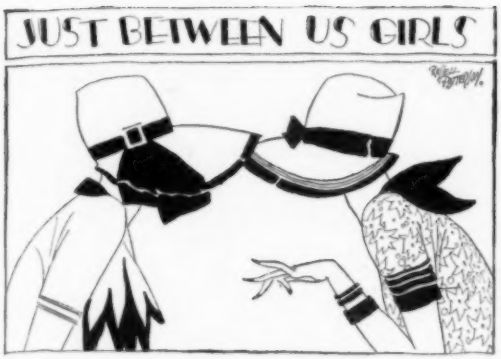
"Isn't it a marvelous night?"

* * *

"No!" *M. E. B.*

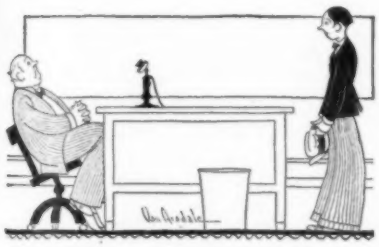
So It Goes

WHAT with fountain pens, flasks, compacts, lip sticks, cigarette lighters and cocktail parties, life is just one refill after another.



"ACtually, my dear, I'm SIMply LIVid—I mean I'm so MAD I could gargle BUTtermilk at this point because I am honestly all hot and BOTHered about this odd ALibi contest which they have put in this LIFE magazine—can you BEAR it? I mean I have been writing REAMS of the CLEVerest ANswers for WEEKS past, my dear, but they have not used ONE of them or given me a SINgle PRIZE! I mean they COULDn't be RUDer, do you know what I mean? Because HONestly, my dear, these ANswers that I have thought UP and sent in to this LIFE magazine have been HEAPS funnier than the ones that have been WINning all these PRIZes because I mean I have SHOWED them to people who are really FRIGHTfully inTELligent and all, and they have SIMply HOWLED when I showed them what I have written for this FOUL ALibi contest—can you BEAR it, my dear? But, ANYways, I know a terribly clever man who is WRITing all the TIME only he never SELLS anything because he says that it does not make any DIFf'rence HOW clever you are because they will simply NEVer give you anything for what you WRITE unless you have a DRAG with somebody, and I mean I think it just SHOWS you how unFAIR everything is because even if you are really a GENius like this perfectly SWEET MAN said I was when he read some of these ANswers, you simply have NO CHANCE unless you have PULL, do you know what I mean? HONestly, my dear, I think it is the most perVERTed idea in the WORLD—I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.



Employer: HAVE YOU A COLLEGE EDUCATION?
Would-Be Bond Salesman: YES, I'M A GRADUATE OF THREE FIVE-FOOT SHELVES AND A SCRAP BOOK.

The Helping Hand

FIRST SWEET GIRL GRADUATE: Have you decided what your work is going to be?

SECOND CHARMING PEST: Not yet; for a while I'm just helping people get rid of their inhibitions.



1907

ADOLPHUS OLDGRAD ANNOUNCES HIS WILLINGNESS TO DIE FOR DEAR OLD INSERTNAMEOF COLLEGE.

Sonnet to an Obstinate Bow Tie

OH, that there were such vivid words to say
That I could *scare* this tie into a bow!
Here I've been wrangling with it half a day,
And all I have is wrinkled silk to show!
I've no technique, and, too well-bred to swear,
I vent my rage in molten beads of sweat,
Restrain the inside urge to take and tear
This puny thing that's caused so much regret.
Were I not going to a dance to-night,
I'd wear my usual modest four-in-hand,
But that, worn with a Tux, would be a sight—
And so, defying more the mode's command,
I'll buy, if still I cannot tie this thing,
One on the end of an elastic string.

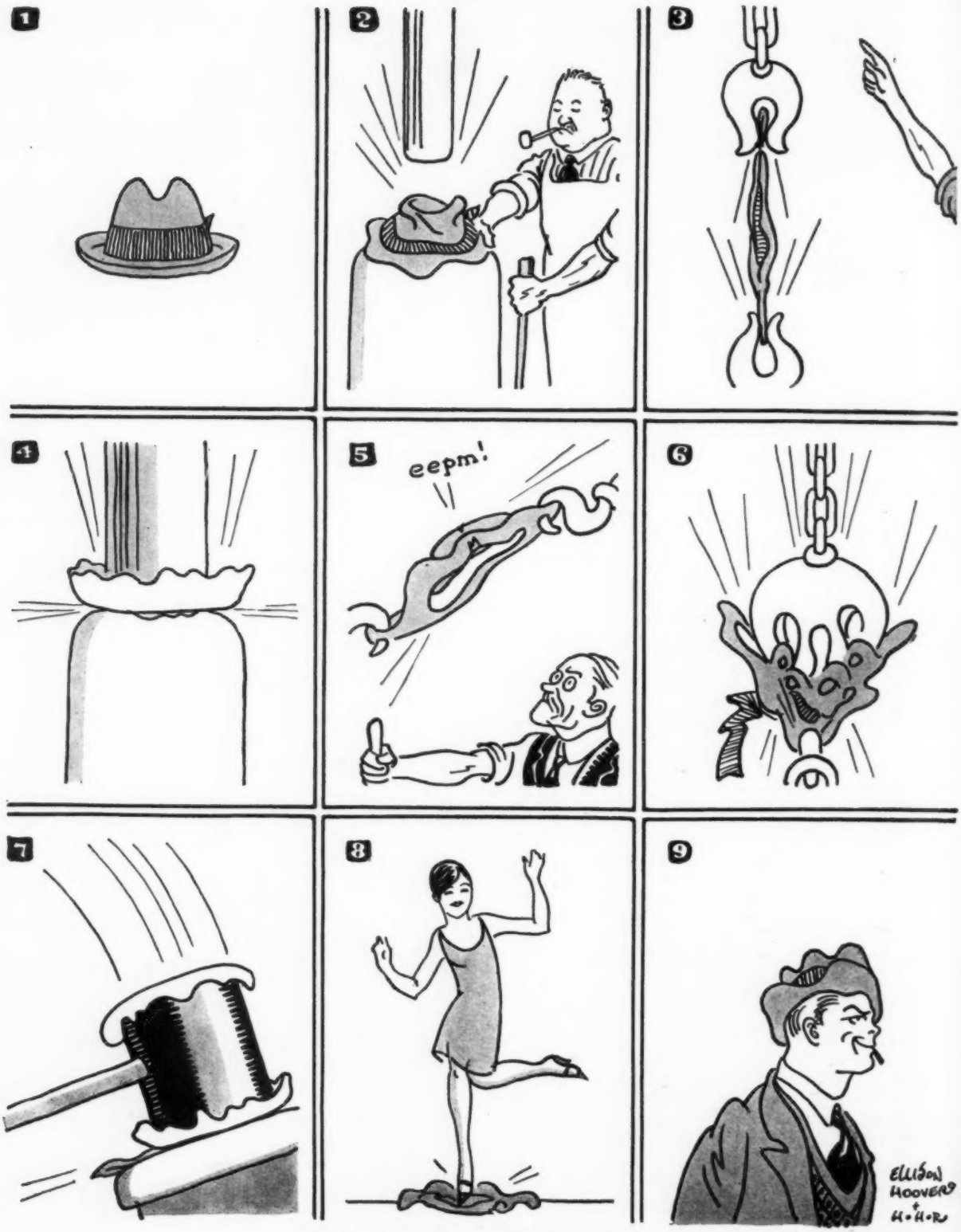
Robert R. Wallstein.

HE: I know a good joke, but it's slightly off-color.
SHE: Oh, that's all right—I'm color-blind.



1927

ADOLPHUS OLDGRAD IS REQUESTED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE TEACHERS' SALARY INCREASE FUND OF DEAR OLD INSERTNAMEOF COLLEGE.



Little-Known Industries

Deforming hats for the college trade

Alma Mater Goose

THERE was a man in our class
And he was wondrous wise:
He joined the Psi Omegas and
The Alpha Beta Phis.

And when his college course was done
He peddled bonds about
And called on all his *frères-de-frat*
Who couldn't throw him out.

* * *

Little Miss Muffet
Wrote on her cuff, it
Seems, all the facts of the quiz.
A proctor espied her
And spoke to Dean Snyder
And that's why she's still where she is.

* * *

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any pull?
Yes, sir—yes, sir—
And that's no bull.
My uncle by marriage
Has a cousin named Hank
Who's fourth assistant teller at
The Corn Exchange Bank.

A. M. Sherwood, Jr.

More Statistics

WHEN Roger Babson, the statistical college professor, attends a Class Day, he probably carries home with him an impression like the following:

25 per cent. of the visiting alumni are there because they are doing well in business and want to tell about it.

20 per cent. who are not doing so well had new summer suits to wear and no better place to wear them.

15 per cent. wanted to get drunk with old classmates whom they wouldn't cross the street to see on the other 364 days of the year.

10 per cent. are ex-athletes visiting the scene of their former triumphs.



Barber (to Heidelberg student): I SEE YOU SHAVE YOURSELF.

Another 10 per cent. had no sales-resistance to the follow-up letters from the alumni secretary.

8 per cent. are insincere sentimentalists who (*a*) wish they were in college again—for about five minutes; (*b*) want to feel sorry for the graduating class.

6 per cent. are still in the bond business and must keep up acquaintances.

3 per cent. had nothing better to do and wanted to tell their stenographers they were "going up to college for the day."

2 per cent. are professional alumni waiting to bully the president.

1 per cent. have a real respect for their alma mater as a seat of learning.

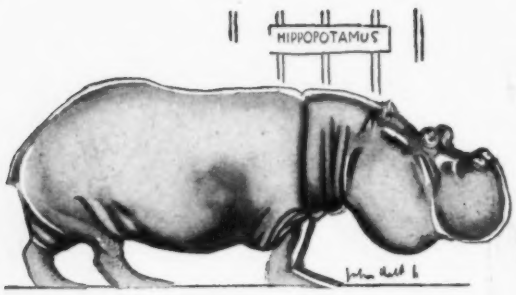
C. B. W. G.

Next-Floor Neighbors

PRUE: How do you like your new apartment?

SUE: Not so well. There's one family trying to be friendly.







the SILENT DRAMA

"Annie Laurie"

THOSE whose youthful imaginations were nourished by the romances of Sir Walter Scott will derive a certain juvenile thrill from "Annie Laurie." It is an extremely elementary tale of love and hate, of heroism and villainy, in the days when the clans, for want of alien enemies, were battling savagely among themselves. It includes at least one historical event—the massacre at Glencoe, when the Campbells butchered the MacDonalds. (This must have been a highly incomplete massacre, as a look through the "M" columns in any telephone book will show.)

Lillian Gish appears as the famous heroine—the girl for whom countless thousands of whisky tenors have loudly proclaimed their willingness to lay them doon and dee. This being a Scotch picture, and the Scotch being celebrated as a delightfully whimsical race, Miss Gish takes it upon herself to be excessively arch; she capers impishly in the manner of her younger sister, Dorothy, and is quite offensive.

THE story of "Annie Laurie," prepared by Josephine Lovett, is a deliberate romance, and John S. Robertson, the director, has wisely chosen to develop it as such. He has caught the Walter Scott spirit, and maintained it successfully throughout. He has been particularly happy in his selection of Highland types; indeed, the extras are all considerably better than the principals — a circumstance which tends to upset the dramatic balance somewhat.

"Annie Laurie" is not a picture over which one can grow unusually excited, either with enthusiasm or with rage; but it is lovely to look at, and it successfully avoids the sloughs of boredom.

"Mr. Wu"

IF a movie melodrama does nothing else, it should at least move—and move fast. In all forms of film thrillers, a slow, dignified, deliberate pace is fatal.

For this reason "Mr. Wu" fails to promote many chills in the spines of the most timorous spectators. It is a series of startlingly effective slow-moving pictures of Lon Chaney, attired as a Chinese aristocrat, plodding ponderously through interminable rooms and corridors decorated in the approved Oriental Gift Shoppe style. Occasionally he pauses, immerses himself in thought and, after debating with himself for several hours, decides to murder somebody with a long knife; when the remains have been carted away by several cringing coolies, Mr. Chaney resumes his plodding.

THE scenery, the lighting and the photography in "Mr. Wu" are impressive, and Renée Adorée manages to produce a little human warmth in the otherwise dismally inhuman proceedings. As to Mr. Chaney, he appears to be acting very well at the start, but he becomes terribly, terribly tiresome after he has covered the first ten miles.

DIRECTOR WILLIAM NIGH has evidently tried hard to avoid too many sub-titles in "Mr. Wu," and deserves commendation for the effort. He failed, however, to avoid this one, spoken by little *Nang Ping* to her vengeful father: "You taught me not to fear love—and then *he* came!"

(The italics are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's, not mine.)

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Venus of Venice. Constance Talmadge as a fascinating crook who works the Venetian canals, and finally swims with the hero to the marriage license bureau.

The Yankee Clipper. A ham but picturesque melodrama, featuring a clipper-ship race from Fuchow, China, to Boston, Mass.

Camille. Norma Talmadge goes the way of all good emotional actresses.

Ankles Preferred. I didn't like this one at all.

The King of Kings. The Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John and St. Cecil, set forth with much gorgeous pageantry.

White Gold. A grim drama of domestic strife on the dusty prairie, with Jetta Goudal as a maltreated wife.

The Sea Tiger. Socko!

Let It Rain. Douglas MacLean in a slapstick comedy of the Marine Corps.

The Rough Riders. All about Roosevelt's boys — in training camp, in the Cuban jungle and on the slopes of San Juan Hill. Mildly thrilling.

Casey at the Bat. Wallace Beery and a large assortment of robust gags.

Long Pants. An intermittently funny affair, involving the wide-eyed Harry Langdon.

When a Man Loves. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in an outburst of hot melodrama and even hotter romance.

Fashions for Women. Inconsequential entertainment for those who like to see lovely ladies wearing clothes or not wearing clothes, as the case may be.

The Love of Sunya. Poor little Miss Swanson tries hard to put this one across, but it refuses to budge.

Tell It to the Marines. A great performance by Lon Chaney as a grizzled sergeant of Marines.

Metropolis. Amazingly original pictures and unoriginal ideas.

Chang; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Stark Love; The Fire Brigade; What Price Glory; Beau Geste; The Big Parade; Old Ironsides. Worthy.



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FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT—with the appraisal value of your used car acceptable as cash—you may possess a La Salle on the liberal term payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the famous G. M. A. C. plan

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LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children



THE FLOODTIDE OF JOY AT CAMP RARITAN (POTTERSVILLE, NEW JERSEY) IS REACHED IN THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE. HERE IN SPARKLING SUMMER WATERS THE CHILDREN WASH AWAY THE MEMORY OF UNHAPPY AND UNCARED-FOR DAYS.

Setting the Stage

VERY soon a magic curtain will rise.

It will rise on the wonderfully human and thrilling drama of compassion, friendliness and betterment that is enacted every year at LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children.

The Camp for Boys—Camp Raritan—is located at Pottersville, New Jersey; and the spacious Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Connecticut.

The great scene-shifters of nature have made a setting in each case worthy of this marvelous work. They have arranged wide fields, clear brooks, deep woodlands, long brown roads—all the things calculated to erase the sordid memory of the slums from the sensitive minds of little boys and girls who have not been as fortunate as our own children.

The orchestra is tuning up—birds and fresh breezes, and the thousand little sounds that speak intimately to children from the grass and the trees.

Fresh paint splashes. Airy camp houses, dormitories, mess halls, play rooms—all must be bright and ready. Sleeping tents are being set up.

Two carefully trained stage crews are waiting for the great opening. The stage manager, under whose wise guidance the two Camps have flourished for the past couple of years, stands with his watch in his hand, ready to give the word for the play to begin.

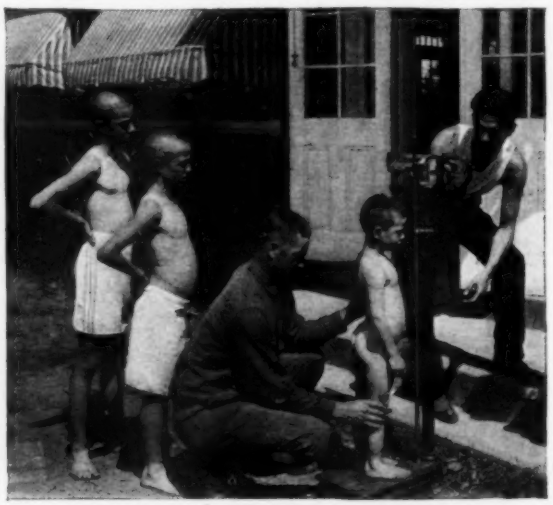
The actors—the wistful, weary, neglected children of the tenements—are panting to dash upon the scene and to enact, with the wholeheartedness of youth, the rôles of happy, healthy and befriended little boys and girls — easy parts to play.

And you?

What part will you take?

Behind every play there exists a mysterious character who puts up the money to provide the entertainment. He is called the "Angel." In this case, the term is singularly appropriate. Will you be one of the "Angels" who make LIFE'S Camps possible?

Without you and your contributions the curtain cannot rise. *But, thank God, for the past forty years you have never failed to ring it up.*



DOWN AT CAMP RARITAN WE SAY, "TAKE CARE OF THE OUNCES—THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES." THIS YOUNGSTER ACCUMULATED SO MUCH HEALTH LAST SUMMER THAT HIS WINTER, EVEN IN THE SLUMS, WAS ONE OF HAPPINESS AND PHYSICAL CONTENTMENT.

Without you the little actors must languish in the terrible Lower East Side of New York, a section of the metropolis so disheartening, so tragic that the thought of little children being imprisoned there all summer without one glimpse of the country is heartbreaking.

Without you the wonderful scene at the Camps is dead—silent—useless.

Now, before the pitiless and scorching days of summer arrive, is the time to send in your contributions.

Twenty dollars ($20) will send a little boy or a little girl to either of these Camps

(*Please turn to page* 38)

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



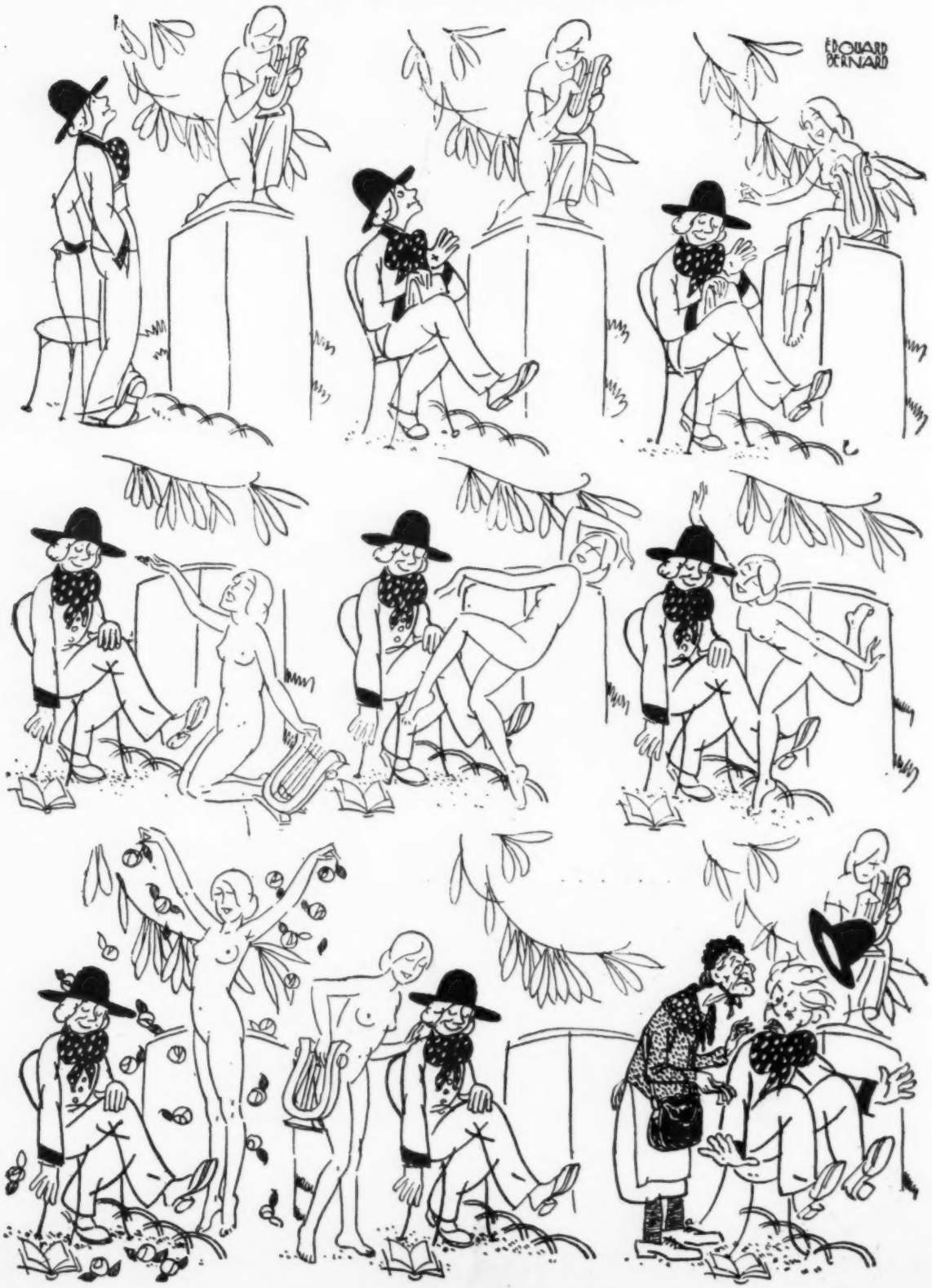
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BODY BY FISHER

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

The Poet, the Muse and the Renter of Chairs—



or, The Sad End of a Beautiful Dream

—Edouard Bernard, in Le Rire (Paris).

Detour

We have just been apprised of a taxi-driver whose fare, a gentleman slightly unsteady, gave the order to drive "to the end of the rainbow." The chauffeur was acquiescent—until he began to worry about the customer's ability to pay. Then he stopped the taxi, opened the door and said cheerily:

"Well, here we are, sir!"

"Is this the end of the rainbow?" inquired the fare.

"Well, not quite, sir," was his ingenious reply. "The end is really one block west, but the street's torn up and you'll have to get out here."

—*New Yorker.*

A Deal in Testimonials

First Big League Ball Player: Who are you goin' to be with this season?

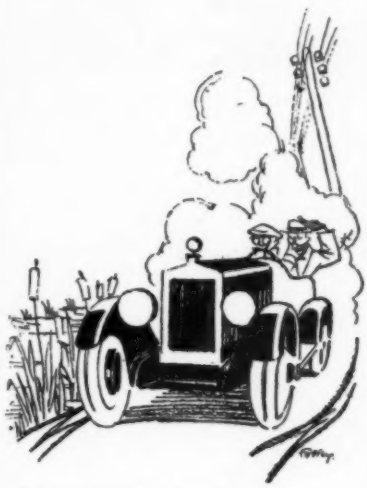
Second B. L. B. P.: Dunno yet. Just heard that Nuxated Iron is trying to trade me to Fleischmann Yeast for two pitchers and an outfielder.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

"What do you think of this plan to drive the crooks out of Chicago?"

"Who gets 'em?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



"Be careful! there's a deep swamp on the right."

"Don't worry — we've got mudguards."

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

Home Life of a Playwright

Miss Tadema Bussiere, author of "Gertie," noticed her colored maid pause in her cleaning of the apartment to pick up the 'script of a new and very unsold play. The girl read for a minute and then broke into hilarious laughter. Naturally much pleased, Miss Bussiere asked what passage had struck her as so funny.

"No passage at all, missy, no passage at all," replied the "mild domestic." "It just don't take much to make me laugh."

—*New York Evening World.*

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 15 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Nostalgia

London Hotel Waiter: Sorry, sir, the bar is closed.

American Tourist: Closed? That's the third time to-day. I'm going back to America where a man can get a drink when he wants one.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Time flies. Nowadays a child picks up geography from a rumble seat, arithmetic from a dial phone and the alphabet from a radio call list.

—*Detroit News.*

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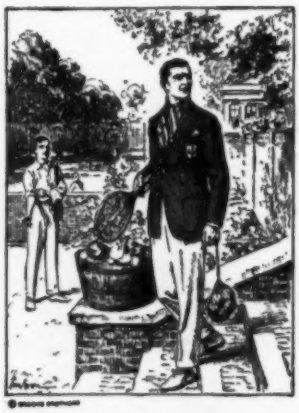
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Scores of shapes. Smooth finish, $3.50 up—rustic finish, $4.00 up.

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"It's a W D C"
WD C

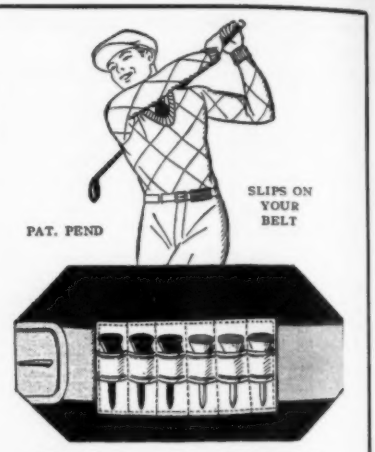
Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page* 14)

"That is a gin daisy, madam," so Marge ordered one, and it tasted so pleasant and innocuous that she ordered another, and when she departed, she did leave in her chair thirty-seven yards of unmatchable curtain fringe which she never recovered and did try to walk through a large mirror into the Hawaiian Room. Home betimes, finding there "The Foolish Question Book," by H. I. Phillips, highly comickal, and the best burlesque I have yet seen of the current craze for interrogation, and I did like in especial: "*Q.*—What did Lord X say to the clubman who remarked, 'Who was that gentleman I saw you going down street with last night?' *A.*—'That was no gentleman; that was my daughter,'" and "*Q.*—When the Duke of Argyll, returning to the drug store for a second order of five pounds of moth balls in twenty-four hours, was asked why the first order hadn't been enough to exterminate the moths in his dress suit, what was his explanation? *A.*—'It's awfully hard to hit a moth with every ball you throw.'"

May 12th Awake betimes, full of discouragement at the number of devilish small tasks to be done, like writing to the Remington Co. protesting that I do not owe the fifty cents for which I am being dunned, sending Aunt Caroline the receipt for wilted lettuce, and having the wave in my hair set again, and whilst I was contemplating lying down under the load and doing naught, Lydia Loomis to see me, full of excitement over a big fire which occurred last night in the neighborhood of her grandfather's house in the Sixties, and Lyd said that if she could have got the servants all out and a few pieces of furniture which she cherishes, she would have bribed the firemen on the roof not to extinguish the blazing embers which were falling thereon. All the day gone in casting up accounts and writing cheques, so dreary a business that I do believe I should have walked down the street and cast myself into the river had not Sam arrived at tea time with Fred Latimer and put it out of my head. So a cheerful dinner, and afterwards to the playhouse to see "The Spider," and it was amusing to note how the members of the audience regarded one another with suspicion that they might be concerned later in the action, and I do thank God that none of my neighbors called out or flashed weapons.

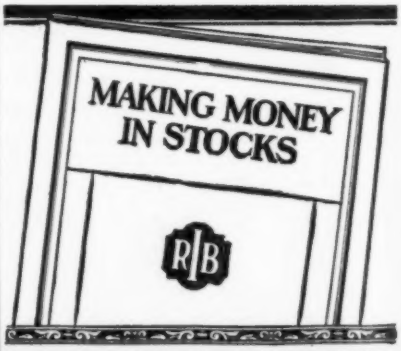
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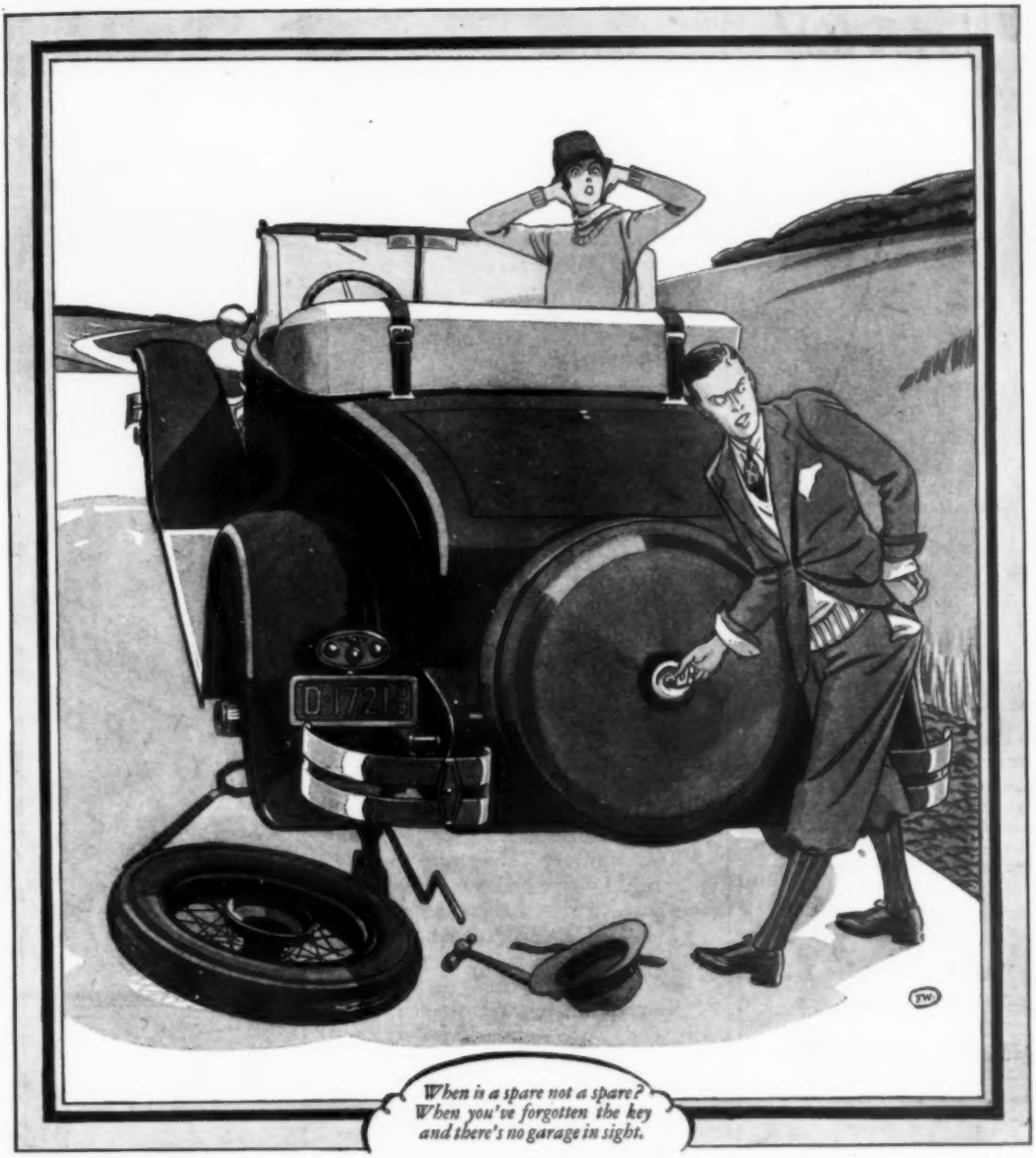
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This little book, "MAKING MONEY IN STOCKS," explains why many people lose when they try to "beat the Stock Market." It tells how others make real profits regularly year after year. Proves that gambling on "tips" ultimately can lead only to losses, while substantial profits have been derived from intelligent speculation. How YOU may be able to make money in certain stocks which eventually should increase in value. How Investment Research Bureau may be able to help you achieve financial independence. Every investor and trader should read "MAKING MONEY IN STOCKS." The book is absolutely free.

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AND this padlock operates like all other Sesamee locks · Just flick the wheels to your own secret combination · Instantly the lock springs open as if by magic · And the wonderful part of it is, you select and set the combination yourself · merely by pressing a small button and turning the wheels to numbers that stick by you, closer than keys · your street address · birthday · telephone number · invent your own · Your combination opens everything you have · equipped with Sesamee · It works just as easily in the dark.



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LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Setting the Stage

(*Continued from page 32*)

for eighteen days. More than that means more children made happy and healthy. Less will be gratefully received and will go toward procuring the sum necessary for one small guest. Even the sound of quarters dropping into our outstretched hat will be very cheering when so much is needed for these children.

Remember, then, that it is you who will give the word which will send the curtain flying up—you who will send the troop of needy children dancing upon the gay scene to play for a time at happiness and health.

L. A. F.

Facts to Remember About the Camps

THE children we take to our Camps are all needy.

During the forty years that this great work has been going on, and counting all the children who have visited us (over fifty thousand), there has never been a serious accident.

The Camps are run on modern, scientific principles.

The sanitary, sleeping, cooking, playing, living conditions are all of the best.

The food is chosen and prepared with the idea of building up undernourished little bodies.

Splendid men and women make up our staffs of counsellors and Camp attendants.

Records of each child are kept, and we are in touch with our youngsters throughout the year by communication with the various betterment associations.

Mr. L. B. Sharp (Columbia University), who has had charge of the Camps for the past two years, will again supervise and direct the work.

Contributions are urgently solicited.

Checks should be drawn to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All contributions are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after receipt, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

Discipline

MRS. A.: So you are now living at a hotel?

MRS. B.: Yes. The cook got so haughty and domineering that we decided to simply walk out of the house and show her that we can be just as independent as anybody.—*Boston Transcript.*

Going Strong



Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES
for 20 for 20¢
Extremely Mild



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BOOKS, MAGAZINES, STATIONERY
PRICES $5.00 UP
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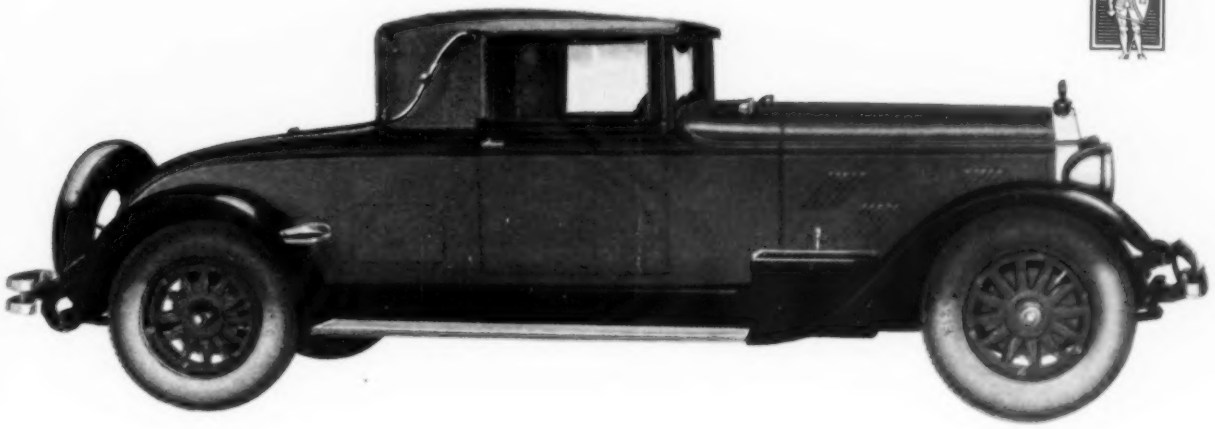


Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

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Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

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The *New* STEARNS-KNIGHT



Supreme riding comfort

A type of performance achieved by no other American motor car

THE sensation of being set apart—that feeling which all men of affairs and women of the social round must have—is wonderfully provided in the *new* Stearns-Knight. In appearance—a car that more than holds its own in any assembly of luxury cars. In performance—*thrilling*, because so lacking in vibration and physical sensation; even at high speeds.

Perfect balance—perfect co-ordination—achieved by new, advanced and exclusive engineering designs—account for this remarkable freedom from wheel-shimmy, steering-wheel kick, vibration of every sort. A type of performance achieved by no other American motor car . . . . . And the famous Knight engine is forever free from carbon and valve troubles—constantly improving with use—as in the Daimler, Voisin, Peugeot and a few other recognized world leaders in the luxury car group.

The *new* Stearns-Knight is now available in 17 body styles—a complete line of six and eight cylinder models. Priced from $3250 to $4650, at Cleveland.



Ease of control

In the modern yacht have been embodied every refinement of the builder's art—every new mechanical feature that can in any way promote comfort and simplicity of operation . . . In the realm of fine motor cars, it has fallen to the *new* Stearns-Knight to set similar standards of greater riding comfort and motor performance.

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The JOHNSTON & MURPHY *Shoe for Men*

Summer colonies . . . the colorful, active life out-of-doors . . . a timely informality of attire.

White buckskins, designed with less restraint. Trimmed in black or tan—the latest gentleman's oxford for sport wear. Johnston & Murphy always catches the spirit of the season.

THE J&M JOHNSTON & MURPHY TRADE MARK SHOE

Newark, N. J.



Southampton Beach Long Island

White buckskin oxfords trimmed in black or tan. J.&M. footwear is featured by a leading dealer near you.

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(*Please turn to page 17 for other information.*)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE."

The first prize of $50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of $10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on June 16, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of July 7, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

AN advocate of motoring says that it opens up a new life. This is often only too true.—*Punch.*

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ROUND THE GLOBE

Sail October 8, 1927. A leisurely, luxurious tour of the world. Best of everything. More than 11,000 miles of *land travel*. Small group, competent American leadership.

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SEND 10c (coin or stamps) for "*Recipes for Housewife and Hostess.*" Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A. B. C. B., 853 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.



There's a refreshing deliciousness in their piquant tang!

THESE sizzling summer days, what a blessed relief it is to steal away for a cold bottle of your favorite carbonated beverage. The tingling *tang* of these delicious drinks brings an instant supply of new energy. And they *satisfy* thirst in a really delightful way.

You can order bottled carbonated beverages by the case at your dealers. They are good, and *good for you.*

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!



Welcome!

HOTEL CLEVELAND is a friendly place. Of course it has all the conveniences and refinements you properly expect of the most modern hotel in a city, but—what we believe is more important—it has a hearty, genuine welcome for every guest, and an honest desire to see to it that you have a comfortable, thoroughly enjoyable stay here.

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Hotel Cleveland is convenient to all parts of the city. Every room with private bath. Servidor service; floor clerks. Room rates begin at $3.

HOTEL CLEVELAND
PUBLIC SQUARE CLEVELAND

Life and Letters

HARVEY O'HIGGINS'S introduction to Mrs. Philip Lydig's new book will probably leave you weak from laughter, but if you can summon the strength to pursue the text of "Tragic Mansions" (*Boni & Liveright*), you will learn, along the lines of personal reminiscence, that money not only isn't everything, but that it has, in many conspicuous instances, been a distinct detriment to the happiness of its possessors. A line of Dorothy Parker's comes cruelly to mind in this connection: "Laugh the butcher off with that." In fact, the force of Mrs. Lydig's moral would be considerably greater if she had not, this very week, sold her Queen Anne silver and Chippendale chairs for much less than they were worth.

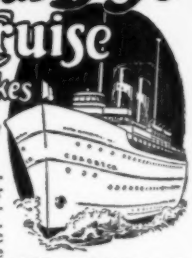
The horrible examples of the fashionable rich which are pointed out in "Tragic Mansions" are said to be taken directly from real life, but inasmuch as they appear under assumed names, the reader is somewhat in the position of the myopic gentleman who found himself at the theatre without his spectacles. In view of the sensational revelations (which, being translated, means the dirt that is dished), the anonymity of the cast is little short of disgusting.

Here is a sample passage: "It was much more fun to climb the four flights of awful stairs to dine with her and her husband and their two little boys than it had ever been to visit them in the days of their magnificence.... She served the simplest of dinners with good taste, helping the maid-of-all-work in the kitchen, a cigarette in her mouth, and letting you join her in preparing the food while she laughed and chatted." Of course, maybe *somebody* will believe it.

The trouble with the majority of Mrs. Lydig's friends to whom affluence brought such misery seems to have been dimwittedness. How many of us would be glad to have some of the cash and risk a little corruption!

ANOTHER book of recollections which is more diverting and to the point is "The Girl from Rector's", by George Rector (*Doubleday, Page*). The author plays up the high-light incidents and glamourous patrons of the famous restaurant which he and his father owned, and the very fact of his explaining the points of all his jokes seems but a corollary of the courtesy with which they ran their establishment. He gives you the formulas for some of their most celebrated dishes, he tells

7 Joyful Days' Cruise
On 4 Great Lakes and Georgian Bay (30000 ISLANDS)



A restful and exhilarating 2,200 mile trip over beautiful waterway with alluring scenery en route. Drive around historic *Mackinac Island*, see the Indians at Canadian village of *Parry Sd.* Take the sight-seeing bus at *Detroit and Chicago. See Cleveland*—spend a full day at *Buffalo.* Gaze in wonder at *Niagara Falls*, the world's greatest cataract.

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offer you an experience similar to that of an ocean voyage—comfortable berths or parlor rooms—*all outside rooms* with windows or port holes. Excellent meals daintily served. Rest in quiet on observation deck or join in the gaiety as you prefer. Music, Dancing, Entertainments, Games and a Social Hostess to introduce you. A voyage of invigoration, recreation and education combined; a different kind of vacation.

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STOPS SHOPPING SICKNESS



and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's. 32
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ and 75¢ Pkg's. Sold Everywhere

Pipe Smoker Applies Medical Training Selecting Tobacco

Some folks act on "hunches," some on emotion, some on pet theories, and still others on cold logic.

Here is a pipe smoker in the "logic" class. And the reason, as he explains, is that for three years he has been taught to take nothing for granted, but to prove his way as he goes.

427 Lyons Avenue
Newark, N. J.
Oct. 16, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Most medical students by the time they reach the third year of their work have absorbed the scientific spirit. That is, we take nothing for granted unless it has been confirmed by experiment or other reliable means. Prove it, we say!

Some time ago I decided to start smoking a pipe. Choosing the pipe was easy enough, but finding the tobacco to go with it was not so easy. I experimented, trying one tobacco after another. Some would have a fragrant aroma, but oh—what a taste they would leave! Others left my mouth like a furnace. A few reminded me of a poorly ventilated chemical laboratory.

I had almost decided that what I was looking for—a cool, sweet taste and a pleasant aroma—was impossible. Finally, I took the advice of one of the fellows and tried your good ole blue can. Eureka! You can't get me away from it now.

You should call Edgeworth—"money's worth."

Sincerely yours,
Irving H. Plaine



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-sized packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio— tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

you exactly how Berry Wall made his salad dressing, and, most astonishing of all, he tells you what Diamond Jim Brady always ate for dinner, and here, upon the author's affidavit, it is: Three dozen Lynnhaven oysters, one dozen hard-shell crabs, six or seven lobsters, one steak, one platter of pastry, two pounds of bonbons. All washed down by four carafes of orange juice.

It was Mr. Brady, you may remember, who offered Johns Hopkins $100,000 for a new stomach, preferably that of an elephant.

FASHIONS in fiction have leaned of late so decidedly to the seamy side of Mayfair, the strange doings of expatriates in Paris, manners and customs on the Riviera, etc., that it was almost refreshing to glimpse amongst this week's titles "The White Pony in the Hills," by Anne Bosworth Greene (*Century*). "Storm of the Old Frontier," by Marshall R. Hall (*Altemus*), with a covered wagon and a shirt-sleeved young man on its jacket, also looked nymphomaniac and cocaine proof. But the demands of the Womrath public being what they are, both of these appealing stories were passed up in favor of "These Frantic Years," by James Warner Bellah (*Appleton*), which is dedicated to a yellow electric-light bulb in Waterloo Station and contains in its opening paragraph an esoteric reference to those who bring knives and forks to their salads. It turned out to be pretentious trash, and nothing, save for an isolated sentence or two, more. Now those are harsh words, and I sincerely hope their utterance will not cause me to be mowed down by an errant taxicab or to bite upon a piece of glass in my tea cake. But I am as bored as Ruskin ever was with young men who raise their shop curtains before they have anything worthy of display, and I especially feel it my duty to give warning when I can against those who come as sheep in wolves' clothing.

The hero of "These Frantic Years" is a pretty cheap piece of work, in spite of repeated references to his grandfather and the fact that he was born in a house on Madison Avenue which now has "Nannette Sœurs" on its windows. The story carries him over a period during which he is ostensibly trying to get a job in New York in order to make money enough to marry a girl who ran him down on a French road. He finally got the job, but only after a year's carousing which certainly can be of interest to no one but the author and his nearest relatives.

Baird Leonard.



Strop a NEW blade and give yourself a barber's shave

A barber gives you a good shave because he has a good razor and because he strops it each time before he uses it.

The stropping is very important. The best old-fashioned razor made wouldn't be worth a whoop unless it was stropped regularly.

Safety razor blades are made of no better steel than the old-fashioned razor. They need stropping to make them the equal of the barber's razor.

That's easy with a Twinplex. The action is quick and automatic and the results certain. The cutting edge of a brand NEW blade when stropped is improved so much you'd hardly recognize it.

Mr. Goeth has tried it and knows:

"Your stropper is the first thing I have found that takes the PULL out of a safety razor, makes a safety razor shave equally as well as a straight razor. I frequently find new blades which are unfit for shaving even one time, but the "Twinplex" overcomes this and gives me shaves as smooth as my barber can give."



(Signed) Arthur C. Goeth, San Antonio, Tex.

And that's not all. A stropped blade lasts longer. You'll spend much less for blades.

Stropped NEW Blade Free

Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a NEW blade stropped on a Twinplex. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

All dealers are authorized to sell you a Twinplex on 30 days trial. If after four weeks of marvelous shaving you are willing to forego the comfort and economy you have enjoyed give up your Twinplex and get back your money. If you can't find the model you want, write us.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1683 Locust Street, Saint Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stroppers

Life, 598 Madison Ave., New York—

Dear Life:—You say y'll send ten issues for a dollar. Very good. Here's a dollar. Now send the ten weeks' issues to

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426

Canadian $1.20. Foreign $1.40

One Year $5.00
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special sale!



Life 10 weeks for one dollar! Can such things be? Quick, varlet, me pen!



just cut out the sail and send it along with the dollar

coming in the contiguous future

movie number
patriotic number
week-end number
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feminine number

and more and more specials

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